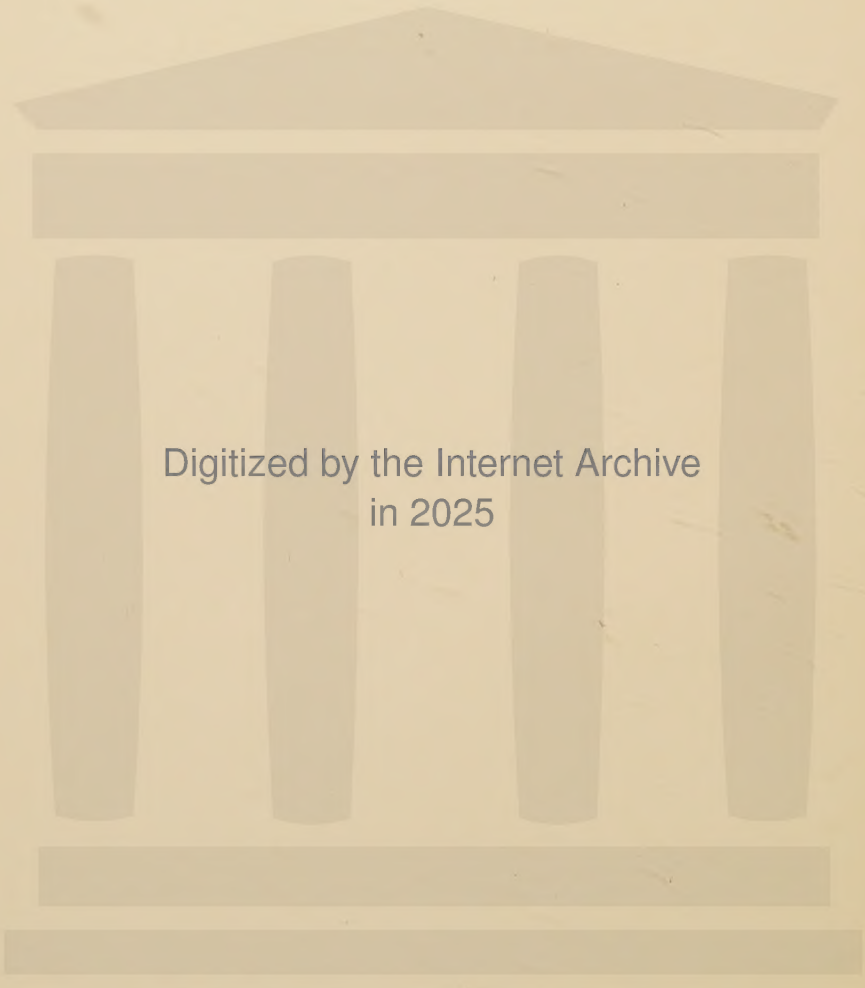
UNIV. OF ARIZONA
Z250 .J73 mn
J. H. B./Biblio-typographica, a survey o
3 9001 03867 0876

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

RUDOLPH H. GJELSNESS

1963 - 17 3/5


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bibliotypographi0000paul_s3c8

BIBLIO-TYPOGRAPHICA

BIBLIO·TYPOGRAPHICA

A Survey of Contemporary Fine Printing Style

BY PAUL JOHNSTON

1930

PUBLISHERS · *Covici · Friede* · NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY COVICI, FRIEDE, INCORPORATED.
Reproductions are made by permission and are protected by copyright
1050 copies printed in the United States of America, by
The Southworth Press, Portland, Maine.

Preface

ANOTHER book recording the work of the private presses would certainly be superfluous in the face of what has already been done. Yet I feel that the movement for fine books has progressed far enough to make a critical survey, with a thesis, worth undertaking. So I am reviewing the contemporary work in this field, tracing its features to their sources in the history of the art, and attempting to suggest its trends for the future.

Fine books may be divided into three classes. First, there are those produced by the various private presses. In these, time, expense, and salability are subordinate to beauty, and literature also is often sacrificed upon the altar of typography. The second class includes those less pretentious books in which economy is of some importance and upon the sale of which the success of the enterprise that sponsors them depends. The third class consists of those that superficially resemble the others; the would bes, the has beens, and the almosts. It seems to me that the future of book design, like that of any art, depends upon the recognition of certain realities and the rejection of superficiality in any form. Typography has been too long and too much glorified, and I believe that the art of printing books is important only when it pleasantly supplements the art of literature. Typography itself cannot be the end. Book design consists of the competent

handling of all the materials and details of book construction and, if the work is to be successful, there must also be that subtle added artistic trait which gives it distinction.

This book is written from a series of articles which appeared in *The American Collector*, *The Bookman*, *The Atlantic Monthly Bookshelf*, *Book Chat*, *The Nation*, *Books*, *The Publishers' Weekly*, and *The American Printer*, and the usual acknowledgments are made for the portions that are here brought forward unchanged.

It had been my hope to make the reproductions the same size as the originals throughout, and to indicate, somehow, their exact margins (since margins are an integral part of typographic arrangement). I have succeeded in making most of the reproductions without reduction. Only when absolutely necessary, the margins were readjusted to my page size. I can only offer my regrets to those whose work is slightly distorted.

Many of the reproductions are made from books in my own meagre collection but most of them are from those lent by friends and acquaintances. To these—Elmer Adler, Joseph Blumenthal, Bennett A. Cerf, Donald S. Klopfer, Walter V. McKee, Carl P. Rollins, D. B. Updike, Roland A Wood, The Brothers Johnson, Edwin Grabhorn, and others—I extend my thanks for lending me books from their collections, often when no more than one copy was available, to go the hazardous way of reproduction under my care. And I am also grateful to the various publishers who have so kindly sent copies of books to be used for the same purpose. I must also acknowledge my appreciation of the help of those who have given me information about themselves and their work in interviews which have always been pleasant. I am still further indebted to other books that have covered my subject from different points of view. To D. B. Updike's *Printing Types* and *The Day's Work*, to Stanley Morison's *Four Centuries of Fine Printing*, *Modern Fine Printing*, and three slighter books, to the editors

and contributors of *The Fleuron*, to Francis Meynell's *Typography*, Frederic W. Goudy's *Ars Typographica*, and most lately to Will Ransom's *Private Presses* (which was immensely helpful), and George Parker Winship's *The Merrymount Press;* and to many other books as well, I owe much for inspiration and sources of reference. Lastly, but really of boundless importance, I am grateful to the editors whose publication of many of the chapters of the book provided the encouragement without which it might never have progressed.

P. J.

Silvermine, NORWALK, *Connecticut*,
5th February, 1930.

* *
*

Some of those mentioned in the text of this book have taken the trouble to write to me encouragingly and sometimes to correct my misunderstanding. Bruce Rogers has been especially kind and has written a letter from which I am taking the liberty of printing a portion in the text. Rogers says, in a letter to a friend, that he does not like to have his letters printed (by permission). Then one must, I suppose, do as I am doing if he wants to badly enough, and print without permission. I take pleasure in recording here my appreciation of Mr. Rogers's interest and helpful suggestions about the text of this book.

12th June, 1930. P. J.

Contents

Chapter 1, Page 3
WILLIAM MORRIS AND MODERN PRINTING STYLE

Chapter 2, Page 9
PRINTING STYLE: THE WHITTINGHAMS TO MORRIS

Chapter 3, Page 14
PICKERING'S INFLUENCE ON AMERICAN PRINTING

Chapter 4, Page 56
ENGLISH FINE PRINTING SINCE WILLIAM MORRIS

Chapter 5, Page 86
LATER TRENDS IN AMERICAN TYPOGRAPHIC STYLE

Chapter 6, Page 152
THE USE OF ILLUSTRATION IN FINE BOOK DESIGN

Chapter 7, Page 184
REVIVALS OF LETTER FORMS AND TYPE DESIGNS

Chapter 8, Page 198
THE LITERATURE OF FINE BOOKS AND PRINTING

CONTENTS

Chapter 9, Page 209

MODERNISM IN TYPES AND TYPOGRAPHIC STYLE

Chapter 10, Page 222

FINE BOOKS AND THE PLEASURES OF COLLECTING

Chapter 11, Page 229

FINE BOOKS, READERS, AND BOOK COLLECTORS

Chapter 12, Page 233

FINE BOOKS, PRECIOUS, AND LIMITED EDITIONS

Chapter 13, Page 238

FINE BOOKS AND THE BUSINESS OF PUBLISHING

Chapter 14, Page 270

TYPOGRAPHY AND THE ELEMENTS OF BOOK DESIGN

Chapter 15, Page 277

A NOTE ON THE WORK OF THE LABORATORY PRESS

Chapter 16, Page 286

FINE BOOKS AND THE PROCESS OF BOOK BINDING

INDEX

BIBLIO-TYPOGRAPHICA

William Morris and Modern Printing Style

I

THE fallacy that William Morris is the patriarch of modern fine book making is as common as it is inaccurate. William Morris deserves his praise, but let him have it for what he really did. Printing in England, everywhere, in fact, was at a low ebb when he set up his Kelmscott Press, founding it upon the principle that fine craftsmanship is essentially the product of hand work, and with the object of eliminating machinery wherever he could. For a style, he borrowed from the Gothic and allowed the work of the early printers to govern his design of types and arrangement of pages. And he took such meticulous care with the details of his work that in some ways he surpassed his masters. The composition of type was done with exceptional pains and the color of the press work was clear and black. When Morris issued the *Story of the Glittering Plain*, it was certainly an exposition of the art of printing books. Not only had it elegance, but it seemed new and different. Even those who did not entirely approve, and who must have laughed at the idea of making books so gorgeous and prepossessing, helped as much to bring the art of book making to the attention of a dull public as others who recognized the importance of the book and the artist who made it. Into the teeth of the controversy that followed the appearance of his early books, Morris cast his *Essay on Printing*. It served to clarify his purpose for a greater number of people and to

re-establish the right principles of typography for all who cared to understand. So our debt to Morris lies primarily in the fact that he refreshed our interest in the art of book making, rather than that he established a school or movement. Morris had followers, to be sure—far too many of them. "Presses" sprang up in England and America, the latter especially, which took Morris's edicts most seriously, printing books on hand presses; they copied his types and borrowed his decorations and arrangements. But Morris's way was for himself alone. His imitators passed as rapidly as they came, while he continued to carry on his work to the end of his desire.

Despite the fact that it was of such importance and that perhaps no other kind of activity could have produced the same results, it seems to be evident that the Kelmscott Press was a great expression of romanticism. Its only claim to originality is that it gave attention to the execution of printing when to do so was not common. It gave new life to a neglected art and revealed its long-forgotten beauties. But Morris went to the very beginnings of printing for his foundation. He might have been more creative by giving contemporary expression to the principles he recognized in the work of the early printers; but, though a true artist, he was only slightly creative. He preached doctrines that he did not always practise in his books. He made no allowances for the hundreds of years that had passed since Jenson printed the *Eusebius*. He could not realize that the art of printing was simply the outcome of man's inventive genius and that that very genius had continued with the development of printing machines. He sought merely to re-create the beauty of early books. But it is probably because of all of these negative qualities that his work was of such consequence. Those who merely imitated Morris have long since been forgotten, while those who, inspired by him, sought the sources of printing art and brought the things they learned from them to their own interpretation, pushed the movement to further understanding and wider appreciation.

It is quite possible that two Americans were the first entirely to discard all of Morris's romantic dogmas while allowing his spirit to intensify their awakening interest in fine printing. Both D. B. Updike and Bruce Rogers owe some debt to Morris, yet their attention had already been directed to the art in books when they first heard of him. Thomas Bird Mosher, the American disciple of Pickering, and Pickering himself were probably as much of a source to them as was Morris. At least I have been told that Updike was always an enthusiastic admirer of Pickering. But it was the Kelmscott Press books that made Updike and Rogers recognize fully the extent of their feeling for the art, and these books also were responsible for opening the way for the reception of their work. But neither of them imitated Morris. From the very first they cast the handicraft twaddle aside and accepted the advantage of whatever printing machinery they could command. Thus, by 1897, four years after the establishment of the Kelmscott Press, we find Bruce Rogers at work at the Riverside Press, quite free from any taint of an archaic style in typography, while D. B. Updike, with the *Alter Book* finished, soon abandoned the heavy-faced type and was well on the way toward an objective of his own devising. They laid then the foundation of the modern tendencies in fine book making. It was based upon two principal departures: the elimination of the obsession over hand work, and the revival of old-style types in a number of different faces, used in a variety of typographic styles.

Francis Meynell, in England, took the next momentous step. After a few years as typographic director of the Pelican Press in London, he established the Nonesuch Press, one of the most important among modern book publishing enterprises. Meynell is more than a typographer. He is a man of distinct literary leaning as well. This may account for much of his success. It is said he acknowledges a debt to Bruce Rogers's Riverside Press books and, while there is some small parallelism in the work of the two concerns, he has taken a long step

forward and introduced many new and valuable principles. From the very first he threw out the excessively meticulous features of precious and limited-edition publishing. His books are simply made with reasonable care, yet his selection of the best of English manufacturers to carry out his designs and the careful attention which is given to every small detail of the work have brought forth books of unusual quality. Hand work is minimized in their making.

A most important feature of the Nonesuch Press is the strict economy with which the books are produced and the remarkably low price at which they are sold. William Morris was a socialist at heart. He visualized a world in which all men lived in beautiful homes and carried on their work in elegant surroundings. Yet when it came down to brass tacks, the artistic things that Morris made, including his books, were far too expensive for the average man to own. Meynell is a socialist in fact, I take it, if not by declaration. His object in starting the Nonesuch Press was to supply beautifully designed and finely printed books for those who really love literature and art. And well he knew that in this age these are often the ones who can afford to pay the least for books.

The Nonesuch Press has also eliminated the extremely limited edition from its program. A few of the books are even printed in "unlimited" editions, i.e., reprinted after the first printing is sold out. Beginning with a modest number of books in an edition, calculated to be enough to supply the immediate demand, the press, through a desire to supply all who want copies, has gradually increased the quantities of the limited editions, and now most of them are from a thousand to fifteen hundred copies, or more.

At various times throughout the history of printing and publishing, certain enterprises devoted to the reprinting of the classics have been prominent. As early as the fifteenth century, Aldus Manutius presented finely printed editions at a low price, with the object of spreading

learning. In the seventeenth century, the Elzevirs in Holland followed a similar course, and in the middle of the nineteenth century William Pickering reprinted the books of early English writers as well as the classics of literature. There can be little doubt that Francis Meynell had such works in mind when he established the Nonesuch Press, and though its course is not exactly the same as any of these, it is in fact a modern expression of the motives that prompted these great printer-publishers of the past.

The Nonesuch Press books have had as great an effect in America in our time as those of William Morris had in the 1890's. They have brought forth the usual host of imitators, but these have found the way quite rough. Francis Meynell's enterprise (though I have no intention of slighting the other two principals) is a real commercial success and for that reason imitation has not been so easy as in the case of Morris. The Nonesuch Press operates with practical aims and it carries them out with fidelity, and thus it has brought about a wider appreciation of scholarship, literature, and graphic art, in their relation to book design. But this is another reason why imitators have met with difficulties, for hardly anything seems so scarce in the United States as real scholarship, unless it be the indifference of those who might help to encourage it. But Nonesuch books have brought fresh spirit and understanding to American book making art, and its ideals are more likely to inspire creative effort than those which Morris had held before us.

It may be hoped that fine book making is only in its inception in America. It has had a successful birth and rapid growth, but if we find maturity in the work of such men as Bruce Rogers, D. B. Updike, W. A. Dwiggins, Frederic W. Goudy, and Carl P. Rollins, the second line of artist-printers that is now coming up may be looked to for the further developments that will provide stamina for the future of the movement. The work of the artists mentioned, with the exception of

only two of them, has still been confined for the most part to the production of special editions of more or less precious books. Carl Rollins alone has devoted most of his work lately to the improvement of the standards of a regular publisher's books. And it is in this direction, I believe, that the ship must sail for fair weather and happy ports. American contemporary writing is in a most lively period. The present-day book designer may find that, while the printing of magnificent folios on hand presses, in specially designed type, on specially made paper, etc., etc., is gracefully passing away, the opportunities of making the books of the publishers of our day as excellent in design as those of the best of every era of artistic book making offer engagement for the best of his abilities.

Printing Style: The Whittinghams to Morris

2

THE first real revival in fine printing was brought about in the mid-nineteenth century by Charles Whittingham, the younger, with books he printed for William Pickering. By a revival I mean an activity in which there is a return to types and typographic mannerisms of the past. Previously each stage of progress in printing had been the result of some innovation in type design or typographic style. It would be difficult to determine just exactly what prompted the revival of Caslon's old-face type. Quite likely it was due to the fact that Pickering was an antiquarian bookseller of sorts, versed in the history of printing and type design as well as in literature. Geoffrey Keynes mentions the friendship between the printer, Whittingham, and the publisher, Pickering. There were frequent informal meetings and discussions of the problems of printing and publishing. Decorations, borders and such things had already been revived in Pickering's reprints by the elder Whittingham, and a type revival was simply inevitable. It does not really matter whether it was through Pickering's suggestion that the Caslon old face was revived, or Whittingham's; the important thing is that it happened. They again brought to light the type which no English printing office should be without; and since Whittingham was a careful printer who used it with discretion, its beauty was immediately recognized and praised.

Charles Whittingham, the younger, was also the first printer to revive the type of an early printer. Some fifteen years after the revival of Caslon, Whittingham had a letter cut to his order, following the type of a Basle printer of the fifteenth century. A few years later he revived a type following the Aldine italic, and used it in printing a catalogue of books for Pickering's son, who had succeeded to the business following his father's death. Little attention has been given to these two types, though they are both excellent letters; and they are in fact the first efforts I know of to re-create early types. The letters were for the exclusive use of the Chiswick Press and are doubtless still available there. Used without ostentation when they were introduced, they attracted little attention and, with Whittingham's passing, were almost forgotten.

It was almost fifty years after William Bulmer, with the superb books he printed about the beginning of the nineteenth century, had recovered for English printing the grace it had lost by ignoring the master, John Baskerville, when Pickering and Whittingham revived the type of Baskerville's contemporary. Their books were successful enough and they even had many admirers, but their work was marked by its lack of pretentiousness. It was not accompanied by ballyhoo, like modern publicity. They made good books because they could be satisfied to have nothing else, and they did not care or intend to be printing reformers. Indeed, they were not. The printers of their day must have been just too lazy to seek a quality comparable with theirs, or else they did not care to do so. It is quite possible to believe that a nation which overlooked so great an artist as Baskerville would let the work of Whittingham and Pickering pass without much emulation. At any rate, with the passing of Whittingham the books published by Pickering's son lost some of their character, and the books printed by the Chiswick Press, though still of fine craftsmanship, lost some of their former typographic distinction. Perhaps, if the period between Pickering-

Whittinghams and William Morris were thoroughly scoured, some printer of fine editions, whose work was generally influential, might be brought to light–but it is not likely. The second revival of printing art began in the last twenty years of the last century.

Since I have said so much that reflects upon the fame that William Morris so justly deserves, I may as well go on and say more, before I begin to extol his real virtues. He was not personally responsible for his entrance into printing. It was not the natural development of his inclinations. He had allowed the greater part of his life to pass without giving it any appreciable attention, and had it not been for the group of men he associated with, who had already begun to give some thought to the art in the 80's, it is possible we would not now be able to remember the man who also made Gothic furniture and designed interiors. Every one of that group, Herbert P. Horne, Emery Walker, Charles Ricketts, and T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, all became prominent in the private press movement. One can only wonder why Morris has been given the lion's share of the credit. I cannot be certain that Emery Walker does not deserve as much honor as does Morris. Walker may not be responsible for Morris's first contact with printing–when he used the Basle letter that Charles Whittingham revived for the Chiswick Press in printing his book *The House of Wolfings* in the 90's–but it is certain that someone at the Chiswick Press must have suggested the type, prompted by Morris's desire, and it is likely that the germ of typographic revival caught in Morris's mind at that time. But it was Emery Walker who gave the lecture on *Early Type Designs* at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society in 1888, and it was he who explained the beauty of the details of the letters he enlarged by projection upon a screen.

William Morris was there, and as he walked home with Walker he said, "Let's make a new font of type." And Walker was probably no small part of the "us" in Morris's type and printing because he was constantly present, and it has even been said that he was virtually a

partner in the enterprise. Later Walker adapted Jenson's letter to the beautiful Doves type for the Doves Press of T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. And since Cobden-Sanderson was as definitely a book binder as Morris was a decorator, Walker might well have had something to do with the typography of the Doves Press books. He "helped" to design the Subiaco type of the Ashendene Press and was associated to some extent with Charles Ricketts at the Vale Press. In short, it seems that Emery Walker was to the private presses somewhat like Johnson was to Boswell. His contribution of practical considerations (he was a practical printer) to those aesthetes, who often had little actual knowledge of the processes of printing before they began to make an art of it, must have been the very backbone of the activity. Without the exceptionally fine technical points of their execution the books of the private presses might have been of no distinction whatever.

Yet it was Morris who led the way and became the spokesman of the group. It was he who told the world what he was trying to do and why he was trying to do it. It was he who brought forth the first type based upon Jenson's roman letter, thereby leading others back to the very cradle days of printing in a search for models as fine. He opened the gates of the history of printing art, widely proclaiming the treasures he found there and for this alone we owe him undying honor.

Our generation has turned away from the trend of the private presses of the 90's. We do not entirely ignore their books nor gainsay their influence, but we are certainly inclined to think that they did not always adhere strictly to certain inherent principles of book design. They exaggerated decoration in the grand manner to too great an extent, for even the Doves Press books, without a scroll or fleuron, are merely decorations in themselves. And the greatest fault we now recognize is their extreme preciousness. They are, after all, but adornments of literature–jewels, fine feathers; but since literature is a respectable art in itself, they are superficial. Still we must recognize that

they have not robbed literature to pay tribute to decorative art. Everything they printed may be had in other editions, more inviting for those who care to read. For the aesthete, he who may choose to set monuments upon his bookshelves, there they are. They are highly elaborate monuments too. They are fascinating to gaze upon, enrapturing to fondle, but, sadly enough, despite all their makers' arguments and explanations, they are not made to read.

Pickering's Influence on American Printing

3

For a long time before William Morris's Kelmscott Press turned the attention of the world to fine printing in a most spectacular way, a movement for a similar purpose had been germinating in the United States. As early as 1855 Theodore Low DeVinne, a master printer and a student of the art, had found some acknowledgment for his printing work and his writing upon the subject. The year 1854 marked the organization of the Grolier Club, an association for book-lovers, in the forming of which and its early activities, DeVinne was a moving spirit. Others interested in the history of printing had found some outlet for their feeling in a magazine called *The Bookmaker*, the first number of which appeared in 1855. Some of the ideas expounded in its pages were the stilted ones characteristic of the day, but the magazine contained notes on early printing and book binding as well, emphasized by reproductions from two or three early bindings in each issue and usually a page or two of early typography. In it appeared a contemporary book wrapper with a reproduction of a sixteenth-century French border; a fine title page of seventeenth-century English typography; title pages from a French printer of the sixteenth century; one from a Basle printer dated 1526; a page from an edition of *Dante's Divine Comedy*, printed in 1491; a Hans Holbein title page; in all, a diversified exhibition denoting typographic scholarship. But the notes that accompany these reproductions are unsigned, so we do not know whether

they are the work of one man or a number of men. DeVinne was frequently publishing essays on printing and the allied arts in literary as well as technical magazines. And, as to typographic styles, DeVinne and other printers, too, recognized occasions for the use of old-style types, and sometimes used them in preference to the spiky modernized old-styles then in vogue.

In recording American printing art, the name of Theodore Low DeVinne cannot be ignored. If he was no artist, he was a painstaking craftsman familiar with the fine points of printing. He preached a philosophy of accepting printing machinery and using it for the production of fine printing, while others were deploring all "new-fangled" improvements. Perhaps his work is too close to us to permit a proper evaluation at this time; but by gathering together an extensive working library on printing and typography, by assisting in the organization of the Grolier Club, by constantly practising the best principles of his craft, and writing valuable books and essays on the subject, he has earned the gratitude of everyone interested in American printing art.

To compare the sixth and seventh decades of nineteenth-century printing in England with that of the same time in the United States, is to recognize that where William Pickering had little influence upon his countrymen, his work and that of the Whittinghams had more appreciation abroad. Thomas Bird Mosher set out to publish a series of books, quite obviously with Pickering's editions in mind. Old-style types were frequently used in American books and a certain corrupt modernized old-style, fairly respectable, had come into definite favor. Scotch roman type had generally given way to these letters by this time, and the fat-faced, exaggerated moderns, popular in England in the nineteenth century, were principally used in the United States for the cheapest kind of work. These considerations tend to indicate to what an extent American printing, in the latter part of the nineteenth

century, was ready to break the traces and renounce slovenly work. It was simply awaiting some special force that would give it a direction. When we add the fact that Daniel Berkeley Updike, Bruce Rogers, and Frederic W. Goudy had already begun to sense some feeling for printing as an art before they ever heard of William Morris, we have further knowledge of the fertility of the field upon which Morris's seed was to fall. And as for the ardent imitators of Morris, hardly one of them is remembered today. We do occasionally hear of the Elbert Hubbard books, and we all know that there were such atrocities, but of all the imitators of Morris, Hubbard was the most superficial, the least respectable. Only those three or four whose personality had already begun to show itself could find in Morris the inspiration they required to spur them on to individual development. In the last five years of the nineteenth century, Daniel Berkeley Updike was at work at his Merrymount Press in Boston, almost ready to throw off the last of the Morris traits that had stamped some of his earlier work. Bruce Rogers was carrying on the production of a series of fine books at the Riverside Press, books which were never tainted with the Morris touch and which were destined to do a great deal to spread an understanding of the art. Frederic W. Goudy was in Chicago, studying artistic design and lettering—he did not see a Kelmscott Press book until 1903—and with the turn of the century, Carl Rollins and W. A. Dwiggins soon made their bow to typographic art.

"To do common work well" was the homely slogan D. B. Updike adopted for his Merrymount Press, and how different it was from Morris's pretentious gesture! Updike's reputation now rests upon the ability with which he has done "common" work, and he is known best for the very modesty of the way his printing is made attractive. Updike is a most thorough person. He was not a printer in very fact, not even a craftsman; yet through long familiarity with printing, and deep study, he has been able to direct printing work intelligently. And it is his

feeling for detail that makes every book his press produces a most excellent interpretation of the purpose for which it was intended. He does not produce artistic things intentionally, but being himself and working the way he does, it is inevitable that he do so.

DeVinne was a perfect example of a craftsman without style. Morris, at the other extreme, made books of superb execution linked with a kind of forced and self-conscious style. Updike strikes the happy medium, with a style developed out of an exhaustive study of printing history and art, combined with distinguished technical features, for it is necessary that a nicely designed book be carefully printed. And Updike's success is as simple as this. To go about one's work quietly, always doing the best that can be done, to obtain a substantial recognition despite an honest modesty, such has been his admirable accomplishment. And, regarding my statement above, "He was not a printer in very fact . . ." it might truly be said "Mr. Updike is not a practical printer, but that does not prevent him from being a practical man."

Bruce Rogers, by the early twentieth century, was beginning to make his mark with the books he was printing at the Riverside Press. He was strong enough at the outset to resist copying the elaborate Morris style. He had started out with the intention of becoming an illustrator, and when he found he could develop his feelings for illustration through typography, he introduced a new means of expression into book design. Rogers is, in a sense, probably more of an illustrator than he is a printer.

In 1897, four years after the establishment of the Kelmscott Press, Bruce Rogers must have had some definite idea of what his work was to be. He happily accepted the position Updike had left open at the Riverside Press, and there he took charge of the design and production of books and the layout of advertising. Obviously he was not obsessed with William Morris's work. When the program of Riverside Press Editions was undertaken in 1900, his predilection for illustration

was apparent at once. The books were to be chosen to "allow of an individual style of typographic treatment." And to him an individual style meant that treatment that has since been named "allusive." It is the creation of an air, an atmosphere about a book, somewhat expressive of its content. Rogers was merely using typography instead of drawing, as a means of literary interpretation. In the hands of amateurs and of his many imitators, the result of this way of attacking the problem of book design is sometimes amusing, stupid, even ridiculous, but in the hands of such masters as Rogers and Updike a new typographic technique has been introduced.*

Allusive typography is the development for which American printing has been most widely praised. It is an innovation, as far as we know. The hint might have come from Pickering, who had introduced period printing. Updike was an admirer of Pickering and the Whittinghams; and Rogers, also a typographic scholar, could not have been ignorant of them. In 1896 the Grolier Club published a book, *The Charles Whittinghams*, by Arthur Warren, covering the activities of the two great printers, uncle and nephew, with a generous appreciation

---

* . . . . "It was, however, my own project which resulted in the Riverside Press Editions. I had to plead for two or three years, and ultimately threaten to go elsewhere, before being allowed to try the experiment of making a book as well as we knew how and fixing the price accordingly. I distinctly recall the Houghton Mifflin 'travellers' ' dismay and disgust on being asked to sell the Michelangelo's Sonnets, a $1.25 size 16mo. for $2.50! Impossible!

"But then, and later, George Mifflin was my staunch backer, though his preferences were for Pickerings—of which he had a fine collection. But Pickerings were themselves too obviously derivative to follow closely, or even to inspire much new work." *From a letter from B. R. to L. B. S.*

EVENTS

WHICH LED TO THE DEVELOPMENT

OF THE LITERATURE OF

THE MIDDLE AGES

THE upshot of all the speculation as to whence came the ancestors of the present races of Europe is that nobody knows anything about it. Fair-haired, blue-eyed Achaeans and Dorians went into Greece many centuries before the famous fifth century B.C. of Hellenic culture, toppled over the ancient Mediterranean race they found there, gradually absorbed their culture, impressed the ancient speech of the Mycenaeans with their Indo-European tongues and by the fifth century produced one of the finest civilizations the world has ever known. The ancient, supposedly indigenous Mediterranean race, known as the Pelasgi, provided those

A page from Events Which Led to the Development of the Literature of the Middle Ages, *by Thomas L. Raymond; designed by* Daniel Berkeley Updike, *printed at the* Merrymount Press, *and published by the* Public Library, Newark, *New Jersey, 1926.*

of Pickering's publishing work in association with them. The book had numerous illustrations from decorations used by the Whittinghams and several reproductions of their title pages. In 1896 Updike was still swayed by Morris; and the first Rogers book from the Riverside Press appeared in 1897. That book about Pickering and the Whittinghams possibly offered both Updike and Rogers a clearer clue to the direction they were to take than did the Kelmscott Press books. It requires no keen sight to perceive the similarity of the vignettes, woodcuts, and borders shown in the Warren book with those that Rogers and Updike used in their books in the last years of the century.*

But though this influence is so apparent, both artists had some individual contributions to make to the art of printing. They discovered attractive types that had been allowed to pass out of use. Rogers found a type at the Riverside Press of which no one even knew the name or source. But that made no difference to him. He recognized it as a fine letter, christened it Brimmer, and sent it off to a foundry to have new matrices made and fresh sorts cast. Updike found the Oxford type gathering dust on a foundry's shelves, and he also imported fine historic faces from abroad. He was a student of type specimen books, and once he discovered a fine letter, no matter how old, he was not satisfied until he learned whether he could have sorts of it for his press. Instead of reviving one type, like Pickering did, Rogers and Updike secured as many as they thought were distinguished enough to use. So with a fine variety of types at hand they could produce books in almost any period of printing style their fancy might choose. And since they had the

---

* . . . . "Warren's book on Whittingham and Pickering I knew, but I don't think I paid much attention to it, as I already knew the originals. The French and English originals of their decorative pieces and initials I was also fairly familiar with . . ." *From a letter from B. R. to L. B. S.*

genius to add a personal note to their interpretations, they introduced a principle most modern typographers do not care to ignore. Their work was somewhat eclectic, to be sure, but only enough to give it a place in the traditions of printing art, for the personal note, which was their own contribution to the arrangement, was in fact the dominating characteristic.*

Bruce Rogers's work has not been limited to period styles of typography. Possibly out of an admiration for the French printer Fournier, *le jeune*, the Italian Bodoni, and seventeenth century French printers, he has revived the use of printers' flowers in decorating some of his books. In this division of his work, the hand that might be making delicate drawings of an illustration or a decoration manipulates the tiny units that go to make vignettes, borders, head-pieces, and tail-pieces with uncanny deftness. Often, but principally in fun, he has brought these

---

* . . . "(Will) Bradley was, by the way, the real discoverer of the Binney & Ronaldson type later called 'Oxford' (though he never developed its use—Updike did that) . . ."

. . . . "The beginnings in the early years I spent at the Riverside Press seem, read in Johnston's text, ridiculously easy and straight-forward. But getting new types, even when they were to be had, was no easy matter. It was only after buying from the firm the forty or fifty pound font of worn-out so-called "Brimmer" (now well known as Bells') type—moving it to the basement of my lodgings in Cambridge, and setting two specimen pages that attracted some attention at the first Arts & Crafts Exhibition at the Boston Public Library, that I got the consent of the firm to have it revived from electrotype matrices. The three volume "Montaigne" was carried through with only about a thousand pounds of type—setting, electrotyping, distributing and resetting—while for the earlier "Rubaiyat" I had type for only four pages at a time—same process." *From a letter from B. R. to L. B. S.*

units to the point of pictorial representation. A glance through the decorative typography of the past five or six years will reveal the extent of the influence of Rogers's fine handling of printers' flowers.

Carl Purington Rollins was another American printer who derived an early impetus from Morris but not enough to stifle his own personality. After a year or so at his first undertaking, the New Clairvaux Press at Montague, Massachusetts, he went to Europe for some few months. His principal project began on his return to the United States in 1908, when he set up another press in the same town. The Montague Press was located in an ancient building called The Dyke Mill. Will Ransom says that Rollins went into the printing business. His object was somewhat reminiscent of that of his contemporary in Boston; "Doing common work carefully and well, and no nonsense about it." But along with the printing business that was carried on with such seriousness there were a number of slight things he printed of his own accord, more in the way of a private press. These are so scarce now that the Rollins collector will come across them with the greatest difficulty. They are pamphlets, leaflets, and broadsides, the matter of which is whimsically chosen, and they are of no small value in revealing the nature of the man.

Carl Purington Rollins became printer to Yale University in 1918, coming to New Haven and taking charge of the Yale University Press, which had just been established. It was a great travesty on Rollins's principles—a profound belief in hand work as being far superior to machine work in printing—that he now found himself in typographic command of a concern engaged in modern publishing which must look to the most economical methods for its printing. But Rollins has attacked with fortitude the problem he probably did not cherish, and has proved

---

Title page designed by Bruce Rogers, *showing a characteristic use of printers' flowers, or decorative units. Printed by* William E. Rudge.

THE SISTERS

BY

JOSEPH CONRAD

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION

BY

FORD MADOX FORD

NEW YORK
CROSBY GAIGE
1928

that through the mastery of machinery a good degree of artistic feeling may be brought to printed books. And though he firmly maintains that there are qualities to be had through hand composition and hand press work that cannot be secured otherwise, his chief contribution, at the time of writing, is his demonstration, with the books he has produced at the Yale University Press, that excellent printing and distinguished typography may be economically obtained through the use of machinery.

Frederic W. Goudy had been interested in lettering, designing, and printing for some years before he heard of Morris, but it was the books of the private presses that crystallized his intentions and brought about the beginning of the Village Press, in 1903. This was truly a private press. Goudy designed the type, his wife Bertha did the composition, under his direction, and Will Ransom, at that time a youngster excited over fine books and recently migrated from the wilderness of Snohomish, Washington, to the bustling young metropolis, Chicago, helped work the hand press, and he and Mrs. Goudy bound the books. But if the Village Press did no more than to concentrate Goudy's attention upon the design of book types and to direct his perception closer to their sources, it was invaluable as experience for him in this way. When fire demolished the press in 1908, it left Goudy with even more time to devote to the study of letter forms, and he was so familiar with good proportion that, three years later, when Mitchell Kennerly commissioned him to design a type for an edition of *The Door in the Wall*, which he was preparing to publish, he was able to make the drawings for the Kennerly type in no more than a week's time, designing the Forum capitals meantime—both superb letters. Kennerly type brought Goudy international recognition as a new master in this most subtle field of design. During the eighteen years that have passed since its appearance, Goudy, unlike the great designers of the past who have

---

Title page designed by Frederic W. Goudy *and printed by the publisher's press.*

TWO
SINGERS

By

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

NEW YORK : WILLIAM EDWIN RUDGE

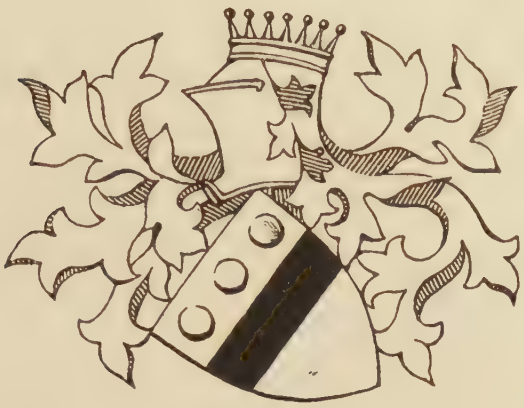
1928

been willing to stop with a few distinguished letters, has continued to augment his collection to more than fifty-odd in all, many of them as fine, in one way or another, as any type ever made before. Goudy, moreover, stands out in sharp contrast to the general movement in that he is no revivalist. Only one or two of his letters are copies and these are frankly so. His most valuable service to typography is his success in making good types available to general printers. By doing this he has infinitely enhanced the quality of all American printing of today.

W. A. Dwiggins is worthy of mention with these founders of the modern movement for fine books, but his work is quite a little different from that of his contemporaries. Never a printer, Dwiggins has not devoted his time entirely to book design. As a decorator, a letterer, and an illustrator, he has contributed to some of the best of contemporary fine books. His versatility extends to a study of printing types and an entrance into book design, and everything he has touched in this field has a great amount of personal charm. Dwiggins represents a contemporary expression in typography, decoration, and lettering. His work has no readily perceptible antecedents. In his first books he used Caslon type frequently, turning later to Scotch Roman, but always succeeding in bringing some new feeling to his arrangements. In lettering he has introduced his own interpretation of forms, with a calligraphic letter so purely personal that it is no more than a refinement of his informal handwriting. His books are designed essentially from a decorative point of view and, though he rarely attempts literary interpretation, his typography is never out of keeping with the text of the book. Dwiggins's decorations are obviously free from tradition and may be called modern, if not modernistic. Yet in his illustrations we find him

---

Page from Elizabeth and Essex, *by Lytton Strachey; designed by* W. A. Dwiggins, *printed by* William Edwin Rudge, *and published by* Crosby Gaige, *New York, 1928.*



THE English Reformation was not merely a religious event; it was also a social one. While the spiritual mould of the Middle Ages was shattered, a corresponding revolution, no less complete and no less far-reaching, occurred in the structure of secular life and the seat of power. The knights and ecclesiastics who had ruled for ages vanished away, and their place was taken by a new class of persons, neither chivalrous nor holy, into whose competent and vigorous hands the reins, and the sweets, of government were gathered. This remarkable aristocracy, which had been created by the cunning of Henry VIII, overwhelmed at last the power that had given it being. The figure on the throne became a shadow, while the Russells, the Cavendishes, the Cecils, ruled over England in supreme solidity. For many generations they *were* England; and it is difficult to imagine an England without them, even today.

quaintly sober and conservative. He has introduced a great number of technical effects indeed. They are the result of his experimental turn of mind. But his pictorial drawings are normal and formal, rather than startling or exciting. They are the key to his other work, for they prove him to be, in the face of his modernism in decorative designs, a most retiring conservative. Dwiggins is an experimentalist in technique, not in pictorial arrangements. His pleasure seems to be chiefly in discovering new means of rendering drawings or decorations. Once he attempted to produce pictorial designs from small units, inked by hand and stamped upon paper. But a few such experiments were sufficient. He discovered that, in working with abstract forms he had cut in stencils, it was best to seek some abstract arrangement of them rather than a realistic one. He has produced some delightful decorations with these stencils.

Curiously enough, the work of these five men might have passed with little notice and slight effect upon general printing in America had it not influenced post-war printing in England. The majority of printers and the reading public in the United States had not much appreciation or feeling for printing art before William Morris's books began to arrive, despite the fact that DeVinne had been laboring diligently to promote understanding of the art for some forty years previously. And so it seems the public remained. With the finest of work being done right under their noses, after having forgotten Morris, they still looked to England for a fresh enthusiasm for printing.

Bruce Rogers sailed for his second visit to England in 1916 with the intention of joining Emery Walker in the production of some fine books. But only one book, slight in size, was printed at the Mall Press. The war had made conditions unfavorable, and it was actually necessary for Mr. Rogers to put the book through the press with his own

---

Title page designed by Carl P. Rollins, *printed by the* Yale University Press.

Catalogue of the Collection of Engravings in The University Club

New York

1926

books. It was an arduous task. Only one who has an understanding of what fine press work is and attempts to attain it without the years of experience that make its accomplishment an ordinary feat, can realize what a task this must have been to such a conscientious man as Rogers. But it was carried out with success. After this book was finished, Rogers became Printing Adviser to the Cambridge University Press, and there, through revisions and refinements of style in the books produced as daily work, he gained a still wider following in England. By the time the war was over, the work of Bruce Rogers and D. B. Updike was well known abroad, and when a new interpretation of the art in book making was evolved which discarded the romantic lure of the private presses, the typography of these two Americans became something of a starting point for the English.

Title page designed by Carl P. Rollins, the drawing is by Rockwell Kent.

ON THE DUTY OF
Civil Disobedience

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

New Haven Connecticut
AT THE SIGN OF THE CHOROBATES
Carl & Margaret Rollins

Title page designed by Carl P. Rollins, *printed by the* Yale University Press.

32

YALE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

THOMAS HARDY

1840-1928

Catalogue of a
Memorial Exhibition
of
First Editions, Autograph Letters
and Manuscripts

Prepared by
RICHARD L. PURDY

New Haven 1928

Page designed by Carl P. Rollins, *printed by the* Yale University Press.
(*In the original the initial is in colors.*)

THE YALE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY GAZETTE
New Haven, Connecticut. June 1926. Volume 1, Number 1

THE GUTENBERG BIBLE AS A TYPOGRAPHICAL MONUMENT

On the right bank of the Danube, about fifty miles west of Vienna, lies the town of Melk, with a population numbering something less than three thousand. The town is probably of Celtic origin, and was well known to the Romans. An isolated granite rock towers above it for two hundred feet, & on this rock there has stood since 1089 a Benedictine Abbey. The Abbey has always had an important place in both the secular and the ecclesiastical history of Lower Austria, and it appears in the Nibelungenlied and in other epics and chronicles. From 1702 to 1736 a new building in the baroque style was erected by the fifty-second abbot, and its large scale and commanding position make it one of the finest edifices on the upper river. A handsome hall holds the abbatical library of 70,000 volumes, a library rich in manuscripts and in early printed books. Of incunabula alone (i.e. of books printed before 1501) it has no fewer than 868 (four times as many as Yale), and the catalogue of these rarities published in 1901 includes two German Bibles & twenty Latin Bibles printed in the Fifteenth Century. One of these Latin Bibles the librarian describes in brief fashion, but he adds to his description the words "A true jewel." To him who understands, his restraint was eloquent, for he had before him one of the finest copies of the first Bible ever printed, and in our western civilization the first book ever printed. It is the coming of this Bible to Yale that we are celebrating to-day.

The Great War made changes at Melk as in other parts of Austria, and the monks sold the Bible last year to Mr. Edward Goldston, a London bookseller. Mr. Goldston consigned it

Title page designed by Bruce Rogers. *This book was issued only to members of the* John Barnard Associates. (*The book is printed on pale green paper.*)

JOHN BARNARD

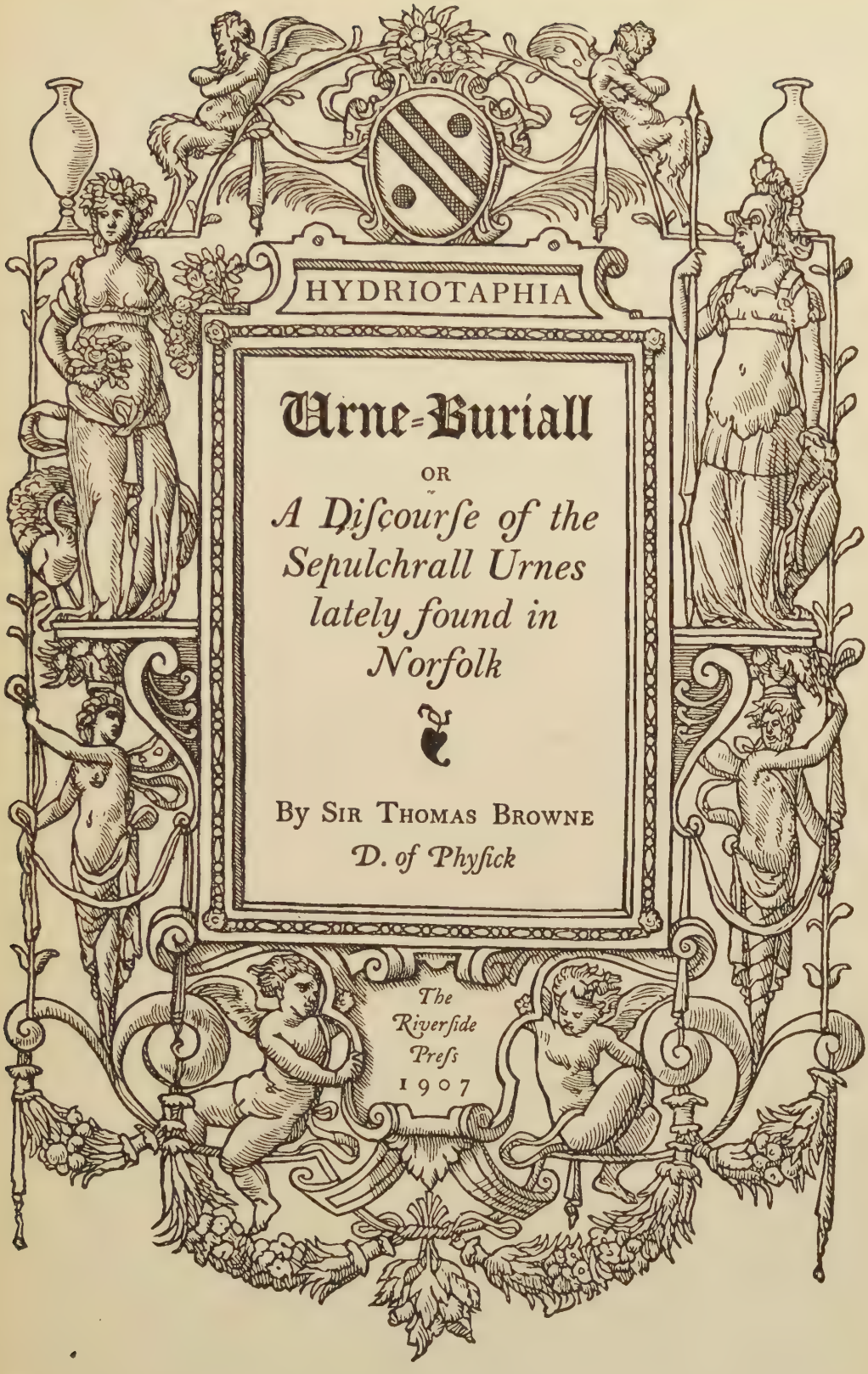
and his

ASSOCIATES

CAMBRIDGE

1927

Title page designed by Bruce Rogers, *printed at the* Riverside Press. (*The margins in this reproduction are slightly altered to fit this page.*)



HYDRIOTAPHIA

Urne-Buriall

OR

A Diſcourſe of the Sepulchrall Urnes lately found in Norfolk

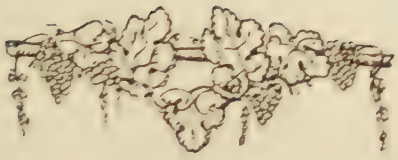
By Sir Thomas Browne

D. of Phyſick

The Riverſide Preſs

1907

Title page designed by Bruce Rogers *and printed at* The Riverside Press.

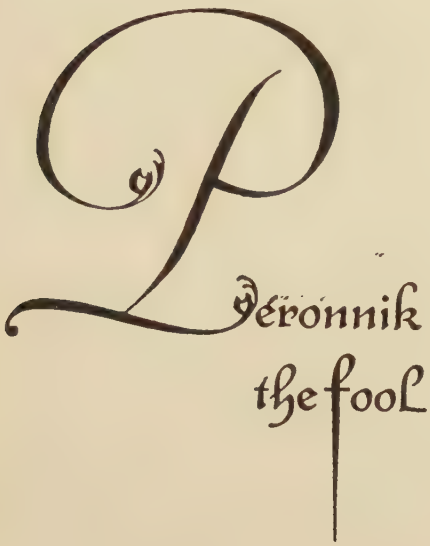


THE POEMS OF MARIA LOWELL

CAMBRIDGE
THE RIVERSIDE PRESS
1907

The three following pages show reproductions from a book designed by Bruce Rogers *and printed and published by* William Edwin Rudge. (*In the original the initial letters and marginal heads are in red.*

GEORGE MOORE



1926

Chapter 2.

AND through shady dells, over sunlit hill-tops out of sight of watchers, out of hearing of eavesdroppers, the twain wandered, the knight in deep thought, Peronnik leading the horse half-forgetful of the Grey Caſtle and his approaching knighthood, happy in the enchantment of the foreſt, and at home in it even as the birds and animals.

At noon the knight dismounted, and whilſt the horse grazed at tether he talked to Peronnik of the honour of knighthood and its duties, the chime of his words, of which Peronnik underſtood nothing, bringing sleep into Peronnik's eyes. But remembering, as he always did, that courtesy should be lacking in nobody, he ſtruggled againſt the weariness that the warmth of the sunlight and the monotonous murmur of the foreſt imposed upon his eyelids, till the

knight's talk became in his mind a green and golden mystery, full of vague sounds, with somebody talking whose voice Peronnik had heard before in the streets of Saint-Jean-de-Braie, but whose name kept slipping from his memory, try hard as he might to remember it. And this was the last that Peronnik heard of the pardoner, who had stopped in front of the knight to rest for a while, the afternoon being hot and his pack heavy, and who, sitting on a fallen bole, had fallen to deploring the evil times, saying that he had traversed many villages without selling a single relic, and in a country renowned for its piety. And this pause of faith among the peasantry he set down to the drought, for having addressed themselves to God without avail the peasantry were now offering prayers to the Devil every evening in the Village of Saint-Jean-de-Braie, a favourite retreat for worship being a dusky garden or orchard. On the knight asking the reason for these conversions, the pardoner said that the folk had put aside the priest, saying that the same power could not be the creator of both good and evil. He had often heard mutterings among the crowd that collected about him: God is deaf; the Devil may have a readier ear to our prayers. He and the priest, though often at variance, were agreed that Devil-worship was of all sins the worst, and they had striven against the heresy. If he

Peronnik the Fool

Title page designed by D. B. Updike, *printed by the* Merrymount Press. (*In the original the words* The Form of Consecration *are in red.*)

46

The Form of Consecration of St. George's Chapel

April XXIII, Anno Domini MDCCCCXXVIII

St. George's School
Middletown, Rhode Island

Title page designed by D. B. Updike, *printed by the* Merrymount Press.
48

HUNT CLUBS
AND
COUNTRY CLUBS
IN AMERICA

BOSTON
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1928

Title page designed by D. B. Updike, *printed by the* Merrymount Press.
50

Old Mrs. Chundle

A Short Story

By

THOMAS HARDY

New York
CROSBY GAIGE
1929

Page from The Quarto Club Papers MCMXXVII—MCMXXVIII, *designed by* Daniel Berkeley Updike, *printed by the* Merrymount Press, and *Published by the* Quarto Club, *New York, 1929.* (*In the original the initial is in brown.*)

Page opening (*54-55*) *from* Certain Letters of James Howell, *designed in the office of the publisher, and printed and published by* William Edwin Rudge, *New York, 1928.*

CHARTRES TO WASHINGTON

THE VIRGIN AND THE DYNAMO

HENRY ADAMS was a student and teacher of history but he was no mere closet scholar dealing with events in the near vacuum of a professor's study, making his deductions from documents only, or other dry-as-dust material, valuable as these may be and greatly as he may have utilized them; but also a man of established position with family background, whose ancestors had played an important part in the establishment of American institutions, two of them, one of whom was still living during his early years, having been presidents of the United States, his father, its representative in its most important ministerial post abroad at the time of the greatest crisis in the country's history, and himself intimately connected throughout his long life with men of the greatest prominence in the affairs of Europe and America, and for a time directly as professor at Harvard College, as editor of the North American Review and later as a detached observer in Washington, by close friendly relationships wielding an important influence in the lives of many of the men who were making the history of his day. His travels were literally world-wide. In every important capital of Europe he had friends and acquaintances among the powerful and the influential. Sources of information unknown to the average man and probably to many students and scholars were open to him by reason of his direct personal contacts. A graduate of Harvard College, a student in Germany, a

1616

I pray direct your letters accordingly, or any other you have for me. One of the prime comforts of a traveller is to receive letters from his friends that begot new spirits in him, and present mental odours to his fancy, when his mind is clouded sometimes with fogs of melancholy. Therefore I pray make me as happy as often as your convenancy will serve with yours: you may send or deliver them to Captain Bacon, at the Glasshouse, who will see them safely sent.

So my dear brother, I pray God bless us both, and send us also this large distance, a joyful meeting. —Your loving brother,

J. M.

Amsterdam, 7 April, 1616.

To Capt. Francis Bacon, from Paris

Sir,—I received two of yours in Roan, with the bill of exchange therein inclosed, and willingly do give you answer I see you have many which you would have.

I am now newly come to Paris, that huge magazine of men, the epitome of this large spacious kingdom, and rendezvous of all strangers. The weather here as yet is only hot, that the water generally boil all the hot months of the year; which I impute both to the proximity of the city, being built upon the lake of Stux, made so by the boundless and voluminous waters of the river of Seine, and having store of low marish ground, the like you have down the channel, and under in many places within the body of the city, which lies very low; as also for a world of coaches, carts, and horses of all sorts that go to and fro perpetually, so that every man one shall meet with a very hard smile, keep of those coaches, carts, and horses, that can move neither fore- and nor backward, by reason of those endless encumbrances of others coming a cross way; so that sometimes it will be an hour or two before they can disentangle. In such a one the great Henry was so lately slain by Ravaillac. Hence comes it to pass, that this town (for Paris is a town, a city, and a university) is always dusty, and 'tis such a dust, that by a perpetual motion is beaten into such thick vapours all that where it rises one can scarce see it off of one colour; insomuch, that it may be no improper comparison to say that an ill name is like the

English Fine Printing Since William Morris

4

THE modern interpretation of fine printing began in England a little before the war; most probably with the work of Gerard Meynell, who started a magazine, *The Imprint*, in 1913, gathering about him the group of those who were destined to carry the art far beyond the limits Morris reached, and even beyond that attained by Rogers and Updike. These three, with their generous contributions, were important in effecting the transition, but they failed to bring about as extensive an activity as did *The Imprint* group in England. Gerard Meynell was the editor of the magazine and with him were Ernest Jackson, J. H. Mason, and Edward Johnston. With the second issue, Stanley Morison became associated with them, in a minor capacity, to be sure, but his entrance into printing at this time was most important.

Meynell was the helmsman directing the ship on its course, and he was out of sympathy with the private presses, for he steered clear of any marks of preciousness. His object seemed principally to turn attention back to the real purpose of books, the enjoyment of reading, and he also indicated the necessity of a wholesome acceptance of printing machinery. What an assortment of subjects the magazine covered! Calligraphy, literature, type design, paper making, printing, printing machinery, book illustration, engraving processes—nothing was ignored. Meynell evidently believed that an appreciation of the

art of book making entailed an understanding of every element of production. He did not hesitate to publish, along with essays on certain kinds of literary work, explanations of complicated printing machines, illustrated with diagrams. It must have amazed the English of 1913, and the extensiveness of its sphere was finally the magazine's undoing. Yet it reached America and played a valuable part in the progress of the young movement. Its circulation was limited because there were few people of broad enough intelligence to give it support. After nine valuable numbers appeared, it was abandoned.

With the dissolution of *The Imprint*, in 1913, the five men who had been chiefly concerned turned separate ways in printing activity. Stanley Morison, probably the youngest of the group, went to the publishing firm of Burns and Oates, where he found Francis Meynell at work doing something toward the typographic arrangement of books. Here we find two principal figures in modern English printing art working together, seeking their individual points of departure. Francis Meynell must soon have left the publishing house, for in April, 1915, he issued the prospectus of the Romney Street Press:

"*The Romney Street Press at 67 Romney Street, Westminster, has been set up for the better but unaffected production of Books and Pamphlets and single sheets of poetry. The type of the Press (used in this prospectus) is the finest of the series imported from Holland in 1660 by Bishop Fell for the Oxford University Press, by whose courtesy it is now used. The editions of The Romney Street Press will be limited to a maximum of fifty copies. The preliminary costs of equipment amount to about £40/ and Francis Meynell, Director of the Press, invites subscriptions to this amount.*

"*Subscribers will have first call upon the publications of the Press at cost price up to the amount of their subscription.*"

(*An announcement of the publishing plans followed.*)

If we count his work with Burns and Oates as a formative period, we see Francis Meynell here entering publishing as an idealist and not a

little of a romanticist. But even though the editions were of only fifty copies, the precious features characteristic of the Kelmscott Press books had been rejected. The books were published at cost to subscribers, and the lack of extravagance in production can be seen from the price of the two issues published: *Ten Poems*, by Alice Meynell, 25s, *Mary Cary, The Meditations*, 6s. The latter was reprinted after the first printing had been withheld, probably because of some sort of insufficiency. Though a third book was announced, only these two appeared.

A year after this sally, Francis Meynell established the Pelican Press, a commercial house which was to qualify his ideal and do much to bring English printing nearer the goal of general quality. But the war was by now more crushing than ever in its effects upon creative effort and for a time this activity was somewhat suspended. Francis Meynell later became associate editor of *The Herald* and even there he found an outlet for his feeling for typography in the arrangement of advertisements. Stanley Morison, meanwhile, left Burns and Oates and succeeded Meynell at the Pelican Press.

While England was engrossed with the war, progress was being made in printing in the United States. So, when the armistice cleared the sky for English art, after years of frustration it began to be effective again. Among the first things recognized were the strides made by the two Americans in departing from the styles and principles of the Kelmscott Press. Probably Bruce Rogers's work was the first to be recognized, for he was at that time at the Cambridge University Press, and his association with those interested in fine printing could not fail to be consequential.

The Golden Cockerel Press may be one of the few remaining semblances of the private presses and, for that reason, since it is important, it needs mentioning before we go further. It was not begun as a private press. It was the intention of Harold Taylor, when he set up the press in 1920, merely to produce books by contemporary writers,

books of no definite typographic pretensions. A. E. Coppard, Martin Armstrong, Havelock Ellis, Richard Hughes, and Peter Quinell were presented in the two years following, some of them making their bow to print. But this failed to return enough money to justify its continuation and in 1923 the press turned to reprinting books in fine editions. Now this change might have been because of a growing interest in fine printing, but it is most likely that the association of Taylor with Robert Gibbings, who was working upon wood-engraved illustrations for the second reprint of the press, had much to do with it. Taylor's health failed and he turned the press over to Gibbings, who instituted a definite program of illustrated books that has amounted to no less than a revival of illustrative art through wood-engravings. Yet modern expression in this form has been so encouraged that this activity is really more of a creative present-day development than a revival. The whole basis of textual harmony between type and engraving has been changed through the realization that they need not exactly conform in color, but that pages can be made attractive through contrast. John Nash, Eric Gill, Jon Farleigh, Mabel N. Annesley, Noel Rooke, David Jones, Celia M. Fiennes, Robert Gibbings, Rene Ben Sussan, Eric Ravilouis, in fact practically all of the noted contemporary English wood-engravers have contributed illustrations to the Golden Cockerel Press books; and Hester Sainsbury and J. E. Laboureur have contributed copper-plate engravings. This press has had a generous share in increasing the beauty of English books. Their books are less pretentious than those of the early private presses but as gracefully executed as any of them.

The Golden Cockerel Press belongs in a class by itself by the fact that it was not an outgrowth of *The Imprint* group. Practically all other English development may be traced, somehow, to this source.

Francis Meynell must have returned to the Pelican Press soon after the war, following his work with *The Herald,* for we find him, in 1923,

publishing a book, *Typography*, describing the work of the Pelican Press, which by this time had fulfilled its promise for the promotion of English typographic art. Stanley Morison about this time occupied the position of Typographical Adviser to the Lanston Monotype Corporation, Limited. Here he has performed a most valuable service to the printing world in the past six years, through the revival of type designs in large variety and distinguished form. In 1924 he took a similar position with the Cambridge University Press, following Bruce Rogers there, determining the typographic styles for their books.

From his first connection with printing, as sub-editor on *The Imprint*, Stanley Morison gave much of his time to the study of typographic history. He is today possibly the outstanding critic and historian of the art, having presented two erudite books, one *Four Centuries of Fine Printing*, and the other, *Modern Fine Printing*. He has since published a host of essays of no small importance, in the form of pamphlets, articles, and books. As present editor of *The Fleuron, A Journal of Typography*, on which he has been active from its beginning, he rounds out his liberal gifts to the modern movement for fine books.

While still typographic director of the Pelican Press, in 1923 Francis Meynell started the Nonesuch Press, which has since become a model for publishing enterprises essaying fine editions. Experience, the days of the war, the general change in attitude toward art had by this time helped to erase Meynell's remaining romantic traits and, in planning the Nonesuch Press, he came very close to reality. Since the object was to make fine books which were intended to be read, much attention was given to the substantiality of the texts; and since the books were furthermore intended to go to people who really appreciate art and literature–often including artists and writers themselves, notoriously the least prosperous group–they were made with an eye keenly focused on the item of economy. Vera Mendel (now Meynell) and David Garnett are the others who brought valuable qualities to the

Nonesuch books. We can see at once that the whole scheme has a rare combination of tastes for every phase of art, literature, painting, drawing, and printing. While each member possesses a generous share of appreciation of all of these phases of good taste, each also has some outstanding preference for one of them.

To examine the record of about fifty delightful issues of the Nonesuch Press is to recognize at once the typographic understanding of their designer and to realize the artistry with which the materials have been handled. Each book is different from all that have been made before, and almost every fine type available at this time has been called into play. Yet few of the books stand out as being more striking in design than any of the others. Each one takes a firm place in the traditions of typographic art. Yet each is new, modern in feeling, distinctly a contribution of today. Restraint is the fine characteristic of the entire program; there are no tricks here, no typographic frippery. Finally, if the elements of each book are carefully weighed, the delicate balance of proportions is easily recognized. The text is the best that could be had for the purpose; the typography and illustrations or decorations are in accord with it; the paper, binding, size, bulk, every detail contributes a share to the beauty of the book as a whole.

Since the establishment of the Nonesuch Press many publishers with similar professions have sprung up. Not every fine book enterprise in England is patterned after the Nonesuch Press, but few can deny the encouragement they have derived from its unparalleled success. But these enterprises, though many of them produce attractive books, have not been influential enough to bear detailed recording here. Successful or not, they are simply adding to the impetus which is constantly lifting fine printing in England from the hands of a few to a substantial following. They have supported the numerous printing plants abroad (The University Press, Cambridge, the Pelican Press, the Westminster Press, the Curwen Press, and the Chiswick Press, to mention

a few) whose ordinary output surpasses the most remarkable (and expensive) of all but a few American printers. The fact is that fine printing has gone to the highways and byways in England, while it is still confined to a few definitely distinguished sources in the United States.

Title page designed by Oliver Simon, *printed by the* Curwen Press. (*In the original the vignette by* Albert Rutherston *is printed in brown direct from the copperplate engraving.*)

THEME AND VARIATIONS

BY

JAMES STEPHENS

New York:
THE FOUNTAIN PRESS
1930

Title page designed by Oliver Simon, *printed by the* Curwen Press. (*In the original the border is in brown.*)

64

THE BIBLIOPHILE'S ALMANACK

FOR 1927

Edited by

OLIVER SIMON & HAROLD CHILD

THE FLEURON
LONDON

Opening page of A Specimen Book of Pattern Papers . . . The Curwen Press; *designed by* Oliver Simon, *printed by the Press, published by the* Fleuron Limited, *London, 1928.* (*In the original the headpiece and initial, drawn by* Edward Bawden, *are in stenciled colors. Reduced.*)

66

INTRODUCTION

BY PAUL NASH

IT is not unusual to find the various kinds of papers under discussion in this article described generally as 'end papers', in fact the Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum is so described, but since many of the papers referred to here are not strictly end papers at all, Pattern Papers seems a safer general title. This, then, must be applied to the paper covering the outside of a book, as well as to that pasted upon the inside of the boards and attached to the first fly-leaf. In either case its purpose is a useful one—to help in holding the book together—but its more important function is to make the book look attractive. A third use for such papers in connexion with books is in the form of a loose cover or jacket. In this character they have been employed extensively as temporary 'bindings' and as shields for the bound book. Other uses found for the pattern paper appear in the course of its complicated history, for the importance of the pattern paper does not lie solely in its simple useful relation to bookbinding, but as a humble part of the endless contribution to decoration which forms one of the most absorbing studies in the history of æsthetics.

Title page composed in the Fell Types *of the* Oxford University Press, *and printed by the Press.*

LETTERS OF
SIR THOMAS BODLEY
TO
THOMAS JAMES

First Keeper of the Bodleian Library

Edited with an INTRODUCTION

By

G. W. WHEELER, M.A.

OXFORD : At the CLARENDON PRESS
MCMXXVI

Title page designed by Francis Meynell, *and printed by the* Chiswick Press. (*Slightly reduced.*)

THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE

EDITED IN THREE VOLUMES
BY GEOFFREY KEYNES

VOLUME I

THE NONESUCH PRESS
16 GREAT JAMES STREET LONDON

MCMXXV

Title page from a new series of limited editions called The King's Printers' Editions, *distributed in the U. S. by the* Viking Press, Inc. *Reduced and margins slightly altered.*

THE MASQUE OF QUEENES

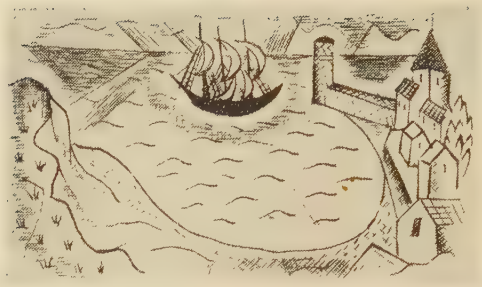
by

Ben: Jonson

with the Designs of

Inigo Jones

London
The King's Printers
1930



THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

[I]

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he ſtoppeth one of three.
'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore ſtopp'ſt thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The gueſts are met, the feaſt is ſet:
May'ſt hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his ſkinny hand,
'There was a ſhip,' quoth he.
'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!'
Eftſoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest ſtood ſtill,
And liſtens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

Page from The Rhyme of The Ancient Mariner, *by S. T. Coleridge, published by* Douglas Cleverdon, *Bristol, 1929.* (*In the original the illustration, by* David Jones, *is printed direct from the copper plate engraving. The margins are here slightly altered.*)

Page from Gulliver's Travels, *illustrated by* Rex Whistler, *published by the* Cressett Press. (*Reduced.*)

Part One : A Voyage to Lilliput

Chapter One

The Author gives some Account of himself and Family, his first Inducements to travel. He is shipwrecked, and swims for his Life, gets safe on shoar in the Country of Lilliput, *is made a Prisoner, and carryed up the Country.*

My Father had a small Estate in *Nottinghamshire*; I was the Third of Five Sons. He sent me to *Emanuel Colledge* in *Cambridge*, at Fourteen Years old, where I resided three Years, and applyed my self close to my Studies: But the Charge of maintaining me (although I had a very scanty Allowance) being too great for a narrow Fortune, I was bound Apprentice to Mr. *James Bates*, an eminent Surgeon in *London*, with whom I continued four Years; and my Father now and then sending me small Sums of Money, I laid them out in learning Navigation, and other Parts of the Mathematicks, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to

Page from an announcement of John Bell, 1745-1831, *by Stanley Morison, designed by the author and printed and published by the* University Press, *Cambridge, 1930.*

THE active life of JOHN BELL extended from 1769 to 1820—a full half-century, which witnessed permanent changes in the law of copyright, the habits of the reading classes, and in the methods of the publishers and printers of books, newspapers and periodicals. The circulating library, in bringing a new public into existence, gave alarm to the older generation of booksellers. They took it ill that individuals and whole families should be thus cheaply supplied, and feared a diminution in their sales.

New books by new authors were more expensive for the new readers to buy, and new methods of production were required if these new readers were to be satisfied—yet the elder members of the trade decided to do nothing for this fresh audience.

But the judgment against perpetual copyright permitted the issue of the old nationally known authors in cheap editions. To the consternation of the hierarchy of the London trade, John Bell, a young bookseller without valuable connections, but with taste of his own in book-production, commenced, with the assistance of an able Scottish printer, a series of the British Poets in sixpenny

Title page designed and printed by Wilhelm Gerstung.

Page opening (82-83) from The Canterbury Tales; *printed and published by the* Golden Cockerel Press, *beginning 1928. (In the original the decorations,* by Eric Gill, *are printed in colors. Reduced.)*

Page opening (84-85) from the Phaedo of Plato; *printed and published by the* Golden Cockerel Press, *1930. (In the original the decoration, by* Eric Gill, *is in red. Reduced, and the margins slightly altered.)*

THE RED SHOES

by

HANS ANDERSEN

with coloured wood-engravings

by

Willi Harwerth

DOUGLAS CLEVERDON
BRISTOL 1928

Incipit Prohœmium Libri Secundi

OUT of thise blake wawes for to saile,
O wind, O wind, the weder ginneth clere:
For in this see the boot hath swich travaile,
Of my conning that unnethe I it stere.
This see clepe I the tempestuous matere
Of desespeyr that Troilus was inne;
But now of hope the kalendes biginne.

O lady myn, that called art Cleo,
Thou be my speed fro this forth, and my muse,
To rime wel this book til I have do!
Me nedeth here non other art to use;
For-why to every lover I m' excuse,
That of no sentement I this endite,
But out of Latin in my tonge it write.

Wherfore I n'il have neither thank ne blame
Of ál this werk, but preye you mekely
Disblameth me if any word be lame;
For as myn auctour seyde, so seye I.
Ek though I speke of love unfelingly,
No wonder is; for it no thing of-newe is,
A blind man can-not juggen wel in hewes.

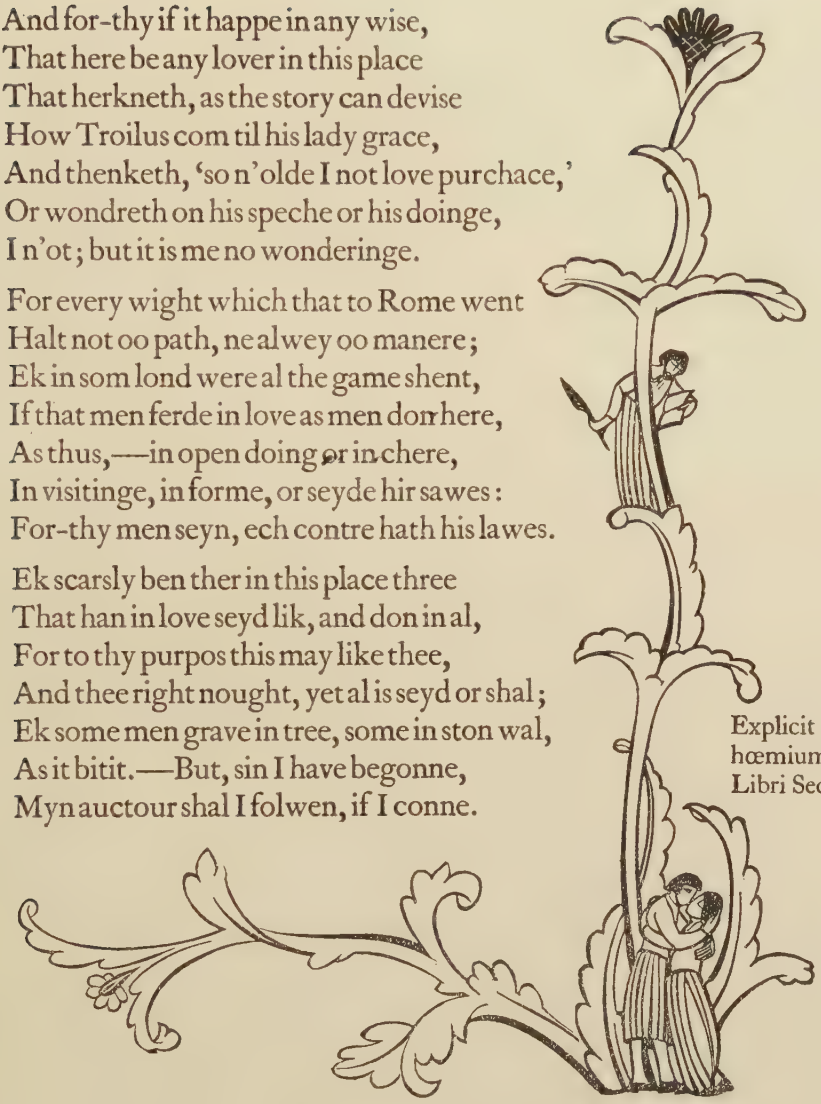
Ye knowe ek, that in forme of speche is chaunge
Withinne a thousand yeer, and wordes tho
That hadden pris, now wonder nice and straunge
Us thinketh hem; and yit they spake hem so,
And spedde as wel in love as men now do:
Ek for to winnen love in sondry ages,
In sondry londes sondry ben usages.

And for-thy if it happe in any wise,
That here be any lover in this place
That herkneth, as the story can devise
How Troilus com til his lady grace,
And thenketh, 'so n'olde I not love purchace,'
Or wondreth on his speche or his doinge,
I n'ot; but it is me no wonderinge.

For every wight which that to Rome went
Halt not oo path, ne alwey oo manere;
Ek in som lond were al the game shent,
If that men ferde in love as men dor here,
As thus,—in open doing or in chere,
In visitinge, in forme, or seyde hir sawes:
For-thy men seyn, ech contre hath his lawes.

Ek scarsly ben ther in this place three
That han in love seyd lik, and don in al,
For to thy purpos this may like thee,
And thee right nought, yet al is seyd or shal;
Ek some men grave in tree, some in ston wal,
As it bitit.—But, sin I have begonne,
Myn auctour shal I folwen, if I conne.

Explicit Prohœmium Libri Secundi



PHAEDO

WERE YOU YOURSELF, PHAEDO, IN THE PRISON WITH SOCRATES ON THE DAY WHEN HE DRANK THE POISON?

Phaedo Yes, Echecrates, I was.

Echecrates I should so like to hear about his death. What did he say in his last hours? We were informed that he died by taking poison, but no one knew anything more; for no Phliasian ever goes to Athens now, and it is a long time since any stranger from Athens has found his way hither; so that we had no clear account.

Phaedo Did you not hear of the proceedings at the trial?

Echecrates Yes; some one told us about the trial, and we could not understand why, having been condemned, he should have been put to death, not at the time, but long afterwards. What was the reason of this?

Phaedo An accident, Echecrates: the stern of the ship which the Athenians send to Delos happened to have been crowned on the day before he was tried.

Echecrates What is this ship?

Phaedo It is the ship in which, according to Athenian tradition, Theseus went to Crete when he took with him the fourteen youths, and was the saviour of them and of himself. And they are said to have vowed to Apollo at the time, that if they were saved they

would send a yearly mission to Delos. Now this custom still continues, and the whole period of the voyage to and from Delos, beginning when the priest of Apollo crowns the stern of the ship, is a holy season, during which the city is not allowed to be polluted by public executions; and when the vessel is detained by contrary winds, the time spent in going and returning is very considerable. As I was saying, the ship was crowned on the day before the trial, and this was the reason why Socrates lay in prison and was not put to death until long after he was condemned.

Echecrates What was the manner of his death, Phaedo? What was said or done? And which of his friends were with him? Or did the authorities forbid them to be present—so that he had no friends near him when he died?

Phaedo No; there were several of them with him.

Echecrates If you have nothing to do, I wish that you would tell me what passed, as exactly as you can.

Phaedo I have nothing at all to do, and will try to gratify your wish. To be reminded of Socrates is always the greatest delight to me, whether I speak myself or hear another speak of him.

Echecrates You will have listeners who are of the same mind with you, and I hope that you will be as exact as you can.

Phaedo I had a singular feeling at being in his company. For I could hardly believe that I was present at the death of a friend, and therefore I did not pity him, Echecrates; he died so fearlessly, and his words and bearing were so noble and gracious, that to me he appeared blessed. I thought that in going to the other world he could not be without a divine call, and that he would be happy, if any man ever was, when he arrived there; & therefore I did not pity him as might have seemed natural at such an hour. But I had not the pleasure which I usually feel in philosophical discourse (for philosophy was the theme of which we spoke). I was pleased, but in the pleasure there was also a strange admixture of pain; for I reflected that he was soon to die, and this double feeling was shared by us all; we were

Later Trends in American Typographic Style

5

THE strangest anomaly of art is, I think, its eternal peeping over fences. No matter how nice are the things we do ourselves, we must always be glancing at our neighbors. What infinitely nicer things they are doing—let us be doing the same! Thus the thread of progress in typographic art runs thrice across the Atlantic; from William Morris to D. B. Updike and Bruce Rogers, back from them to Francis Meynell and Stanley Morison, and back again to a new line of printing artists in America.

Influence is not always directly traceable. The artist himself is rarely conscious of it when he is at work, and few artists deliberately set out to do the things for which their work proves to be important. I cannot say that the latest developments in printing art in the United States are directly ascribable to contemporary English books, but I am quite certain that a majority of the younger enthusiasts learned about what had been done at home after having their curiosity awakened by books from abroad.

Alfred A. Knopf has had considerable to do with bringing about a wider appreciation for well-printed books in America. He had always admired the typography of the good printers in England, France, and Germany; and when he began publishing he sought at once to make his books physically attractive accordingly. In the early years of his

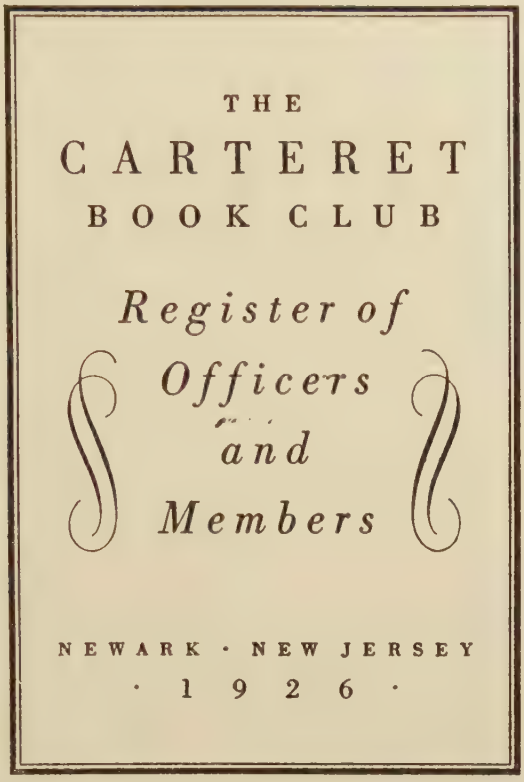
publishing business, he brought the work of eminent American printers to a series of his books. Bruce Rogers, D. B. Updike, Thomas Cleland, Frederic W. Goudy, W. A. Dwiggins, and Elmer Adler; these are a few who designed editions that appeared under the Knopf imprint. In those days there was no general understanding of art in the printing of books. Knopf's gesture served to foster a freshening of attention among intelligent people.

Meanwhile the Nonesuch Press books had reached America and the enthusiasm of their reception stimulated the interest; the Golden Cockerel Press books helped, as well as those of other English publishers. For a while English books commanded most of the attention.

One of the outstanding of the young American fine printing enterprises, the Pynson Printers, began some years ago, in spirit, with a young man of Rochester, New York, who collected Japanese prints. Elmer Adler, something of a connoisseur though still a young man, later included contemporary graphic arts among his interests, and when he came upon some books whose appearance attracted him, he added these to his collection. The passion for collecting was eventually the making of him, for once he had noticed beautifully printed books, he sought more of them, and then he sought the reasons for the pleasure he found in them. Excursions into the history of printing told him of this graphic art, some four hundred years old. He learned of the rise and fall of the art, and of its revival; and right there he discovered that some of the books that had first attracted his admiration were those of Bruce Rogers. Nothing would do now but a collection of finely printed books of all times and in a few years Elmer Adler had gathered so comprehensive a number as to form the nucleus of a printing exhibition he arranged in an art museum in Rochester. Mr. Adler was proud of the quality of this show, but principally proud that not one of the books had been borrowed from outside his city. They had all come from his own library, or from the collections of his friends in Rochester.

When Elmer Adler went into business, it was as advertising manager for his father's clothing house. In this work he found a release for his feeling for typographic arrangement, and it took him on visits to print shops where he soon absorbed the principal details of printing production. When he came East, some years later, and joined with David Silve, Walter Dorwin Teague and Hubert Canfield to form the Pynson Printers, he brought to his work a natural genius for graphic expression and a discriminating sense of the best in printing. But his principal claim to the respect of his prospective clients was based upon his background as a collector. To him collecting is almost a creative occupation. David Silve was never very active in the Pynson Printers; Walter Teague withdrew after half a year, and Hubert Canfield soon after, leaving Elmer Adler, to all purposes, "The Pynson Printers."

Elmer Adler's typography is important mainly for its originality; his work is always fresh and sparkling. He might object to being called a modernist, but though he has prevented his style from being purely American by often using imported German types, he has not been deeply influenced either by German printing of today or by the past. Modern and new, his work is still refined and dignified—never flamboyant. There is constantly in his work the tang of experimentation. Bruce Rogers also experiments with type arrangements, but there is never evidence of it in his finished work. Adler's is different. Sometimes an apparently experimental page is seen in a finished book. It is his way. He has either exhausted his interest in the design, or it is satisfactory to him as it stands—and he never worries, I imagine, if it is unlike anything ever seen before. One cannot always account for this feature of his work—but it may eventually prove to be its outstanding characteristic. The work of the Pynson Printers is carried out with such meticulous care that their printing is comparable to a finely cut jewel for flawless detail. Yet it is a commercial enterprise—and a most successful one. And since not a single concesson is made to commercial expediency,



Title page designed by Elmer Adler, *printed by the* Pynson Printers.

its success speaks well for the ideals of its director. Elmer Adler's typography has already influenced that of many young American book designers, and he may be looked to for further leadership in the future.

Since 1920 an extensive revival in printing has been in progress in the state of California. Perhaps the sunlight has something to do with the fact that the Venetian feeling still dominates the designs of the books of printers of the Pacific coast. There must be some similarity of temperament between those early printers of sunny Italy and those present day ones of sunny California. John Henry Nash, indeed, has been called "The Aldus of The Pacific Coast." I would be the last to wish to detract from this flowery title, but it seems to me that the grandeur, the elegance, and the elaborateness of the books Mr. Nash prints are peculiarly dissimilar to those of the modest fifteenth-century publisher of pocket editions. The Brothers Johnson, also of San Francisco, are less ostentatious; their books are even inclined toward slightness of format. They owe a definite debt to the Italian manner, but they are often quite graceful little items of some individuality. Edwin Grabhorn, also of San Francisco, has gone a little further in originality of style. His books are certainly Italian in feeling, but they are not distinctly traditional works. They are modern works in the tradition. Grabhorn is an accomplished craftsman and a man of excellent typographic sense. The extensiveness of some of his accomplishments cannot be fully appreciated until we know that his publications come from a tiny shop, equipped with a single printing press, and that many of his books, some of hundreds of pages, are composed entirely by hand, and bound in the shop.

In New York, the Spiral Press and the Harbor Press are two important young enterprises seeking through the production of excellent commercial printing a means of providing experimental essays in publishing and the making of charming books. Some books designed by Joseph Blumenthal at the Spiral Press suggest an admiration for

contemporary German and Czecho-Slovakian printing, with plenty of respect for that of Elmer Adler. And in the hands of John Fass, the Harbor Press is working along lines that show some influence of Bruce Rogers. The quality of the printing at both shops is exceptionally fine, and the design of typography, in both cases, has advanced further toward individuality than my bald statement of influences would indicate. They are among those whose most important work is still of the future.

Random House is today the ultimate American interpretation of a publishing firm engaged in the production and distribution of fine books. Bennett Cerf, Donald Klopfer and Elmer Adler, its founders in 1926, recognized at once a necessity beyond their own desire to produce and publish fine books. In New England and California there are small semi-private presses whose interest in book production ends when the printing is completed. Naturally, unless they be the pastime of some rich dilettante, they cannot exist unless they sell their books, and in competition with an organized publishing world their problem is a large one. Random House has taken up their burden and, where the effort is sincere and of artistic consequence, they have succeeded in performing the commercial function which the true artist is rarely able to cope with. More than this, they have performed a service to American collectors by becoming the agents for such foreign enterprises as the Nonesuch Press, the Golden Cockerel Press, and the Bremer Press, to mention only three of half a dozen or more. Outstanding among their own publications is the *Candide* they published in 1928, with Rockwell Kent's illustrations, the finest American illustrated book, in many ways, that has appeared in recent years. Lately this has been reprinted in a different type, not quite so closely harmonizing with the drawings as that of the first edition, but making a very fine page withal, and a book that sells at a very low price. The first printing of this edition was soon exhausted, and it was also distributed to about

forty thousand members of the Literary Guild of America. This indicates the extent of the popularity of fine books in America.

Crosby Gaige, a well-known collector and theatrical producer, entered publishing to present contemporary writers, who are being collected, in first editions designed by America's most distinguished printing artists. The gesture was a splendid one, but its effect was somewhat marred in the way it was carried out. Some of the books were slight in size, and all of them expensive in price—they could appeal only to the most well-to-do collectors. Bruce Rogers, Frederic W. Goudy, Frederic Warde, W. A. Dwiggins, the Pynson Printers, and D. B. Updike are some of those who contributed designs. The success of a number of the items has justified the experiment, and it was continued by James R. Wells, under the name of the Fountain Press, until 1930.

Other young workers in typographic art are far too numerous to mention. I might give a list of names, with a few trite phrases, but that would be small flattery. The enterprises and personalities I have been writing about have all gained some recognition and most of them have had a definite influence upon the progress of the movement. May I say that many of the others have not yet earned their spurs, or of those who have, that they have not yet set new directions of the movement for the young to follow? I do not claim that my survey covers everyone of importance. Some of the younger men have found places in publishers' offices, designing advertisements or title pages or book jackets. Others have gone to book manufacturers, doing similar work. Still others have set up presses of their own and are fighting for commercial success, a fact which proves their vitality. Quite a few of them are laying solid foundations for the future. Yet it is in the hands of these, who must here be nameless, that the future of fine American books rests. The "period" typography, introduced by Rogers and Updike, must eventually give way to a more contemporaneous style of expression. The very subject matter of reprints in limited editions is rapidly becoming worn and

tiresome from over-use. New lanes in literature and new channels of technique in book design must be opened.

The younger publishers have already realized that contemporary literature is often worthy of more attractive dress than has hitherto been allotted to it. Many have become conscious of the appearance of their books and have delegated the design of them to young typographers as well as those of established reputation. The reading public has noticed a general improvement, and as this activity among publishers increases, with fine printing progressing toward an assimilation of common printing, the art of book design may come into its own.

Page from The Secret and Other Stories *by A. A. Milne; designed by* Joseph Blumenthal, *printed by the* Spiral Press, *and published by the* Fountain Press, *New York, 1929.*

THE SECRET

ONCE upon a time there was a princess who was so beautiful that she could not do anything for herself. If she wished to get up in the morning, somebody had to dress her, and if she wished to go to bed in the evening, somebody had to undress her. She could not go into a room until somebody had opened the door for her, she could not sit down until somebody had arranged a chair for her, she could not admire a piece of embroidery until somebody had found a piece of embroidery for her to admire, and had shown her the place where she had left off admiring it the day before. She was very proud, she was very beautiful; and because she was so beautiful, everybody said what a sweet nature she had.

One day she was riding through the Forest with her attendants when she came upon a young man who was seated on a fallen tree, whittling at a lump of wood with his knife. She drew in her horse so that he might have the opportunity of rising and bowing to her, but he just looked up and nodded in a friendly way and went on

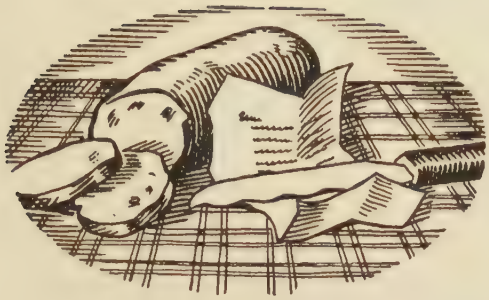
Title page designed by Elmer Adler, *printed by the* Pynson Printers.

The BOOKPLATES & MARKS OF ROCKWELL KENT

With a Preface by the Artist

Made by Pynson Printers
for RANDOM HOUSE
New York
1929

Page from Julia Elizabeth *by James Stephens; designed by* Elmer Adler, *printed by the* Pynson Printers, *and published by* Crosby Gaige, *New York, 1929.*
98



CHARACTERS

MRS. O'REILLY, *aged* 40

MR. O'REILLY, *aged* 45

MR. O'GRADY, *aged* 22

SCENE

A neatly furnished room. Framed oleographs on the walls. Door in centre, another door at right, and window left; between window and door, a cupboard with plates, etc. in it. Towards right, a small table has been laid for supper. Mrs. O'Reilly is cutting a loaf. Her husband is finishing his slice of bread and watching her. She puts a newly cut slice on her own plate and he snatches it.

Page from The Colophon; *designed by* Elmer Adler, *printed by the* Pynson Printers. (*In the original the initial letter is in pale green. Reduced.*)

Notes for an Autobiography

CARL VAN VECHTEN

I CANNOT remember the time when I was not trying to write, often with no reasonable amount of skill. I think it would be true to say that I always wanted to write (although I also cherished other ambitions: at one period I craved a career as a concert pianist; at another, as a jockey) but I do not think at first it occurred to me that I wanted to write a book.

At the University of Chicago I contributed some really vile sketches to the *Weekly* and during the same period wrote a rather better letter or two for the *Pulse*, the monthly organ of the Cedar Rapids (Iowa) High School. Also at the University I specialized in English with Robert Morss Lovett, the best teacher I ever had and still my friend, William Vaughn Moody, and Robert Herrick. Herrick, I believe, was the first novelist I ever met and a hero to me for many years on this account.

My themes were pretty dreadful —I have retained some of them, probably the best: so I am not criticizing from memory—but my energy in creating them was enormous, and once or twice I almost hit on something. My modest design was to prepare myself for work on a newspaper. On leaving college, with a boost from Sam Paquin, a fraternity brother, I easily satisfied this intention, joining the forces of Hearst's *Chicago American*. As the staff of this paper at this epoch included such brilliant reporters as Hugh Fullerton, Charles Finnegan, and Charlie Fitzmorris, the Chicago boy who beat Nelly Bly's record in a race around the world, and who afterwards became Chicago's Chief of Police, naturally I was offered but scant opportunity to write. I was sent out to gather information

Page from The Colophon; *designed by* Elmer Adler, *printed by the* Pynson Printers. (*In the original the drawing and ornament are in lavender. Reduced.*)

The Colophon

A BOOK COLLECTORS' QUARTERLY

PART THREE

CONTENTS

Articles are listed in order of placement
The making of signatures by various presses
at different times and places
prevents folio pagination
Credit is given to each press
with the exception of the Pynson Printers
who are responsible for the work not otherwise credited

Title page designed by Fred Anthoensen *and printed by* The Southworth Press.
104

THE THRIFTY DREAMERS

AND OTHER

POEMS

BY

ISRAEL JORDAN

PORTLAND, MAINE
1929

Title page designed by Richard W. Ellis, *printed by the* Georgian Press. (*In the original the word* Zadig *and the figure, by* Valenti Angelo, *are in Indian red.*)

106

Zadig

M de VOLTAIRE

AN INTRODUCTION BY

DAVID GARNETT

& ILLUSTRATIONS BY

VALENTI ANGELO

1929

NEW YORK · RIMINGTON & HOOPER

Page from Zadig, *by Voltaire; designed by* Richard W. Ellis, *printed by the* Georgian Press, *and published by* Rimington & Hooper, *New York, 1929.* (*In the original the drawing, by* Valenti Angelo, *is in Indian red.*)

CHAPTER ONE

THE ONE-EYED MAN

IN the time of King Moabdar there lived at Babylon a young man named Zadig, who was born with a good disposition, which education had strengthened. Though young and rich, he knew how to restrain his passions; he was free from all affectation, made no pretension to infallibility himself, and knew how to respect the foibles of others. People were astonished to see that, with all his wit, he never turned his powers of raillery on the vague, disconnected, and confused talk, the rash censures, the ignorant judgments, the scurvy jests, and all that vain babble of words which went by the name of conversation at Babylon. He had learned in the first book of Zoroaster that self-conceit is a bladder puffed up with wind, out of which issue storms and tempests when it is pricked. Above all, Zadig never prided himself on despising women, nor boasted of his conquests

Title page designed by Richard W. Ellis *and printed by the* Georgian Press.

THE

Charity Bazaar

An Allegorical Dialogue

by

Robert Louis Stevenson

Westport, Ct.

The Georgian Press

mcmxxix

Title page designed by Richard W. Ellis *and printed by the* Georgian Press. (*In the original the head is in brown. Reduced and margins altered.*)

RETALIATION

A POEM

By DOCTOR GOLDSMITH

INCLUDING EPITAPHS
ON THE MOST DISTINGUISHED WITS
OF THIS METROPOLIS

Westport, Ct.
Richard W Ellis : The Georgian Press
Mcmxxix

Page from Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, *by Robert Louis Stevenson; illustrated by* W. A. Dwiggins, *designed by* Elmer Adler, *printed by the* Pynson Printers, *and published by* Random House, *New York*, 1929.

114

Incident of the LETTER

IT was late in the afternoon, when Mr. Utterson found his way to Dr. Jekyll's door, where he was at once admitted by Poole, and carried down by the kitchen offices and across a yard which had once been a garden, to the building which was indifferently known as the laboratory or the dissecting rooms. The doctor had bought the house from the heirs of a celebrated surgeon; and his own tastes being rather chemical than anatomical, had changed the destination of the block at the bottom of the garden. It was the first time that the lawyer had been received in that part of his friend's quarters; and he eyed the dingy windowless structure with curiosity, and gazed round with a distasteful sense of strangeness as he crossed the theatre, once crowded with eager students and now lying gaunt and silent, the tables laden with chemical apparatus, the floor strewn with crates and littered with packing straw, and the light falling dimly through the foggy cupola. At the further end, a flight of stairs mounted to a door

Title page designed by W. A. Dwiggins *and printed and published by* William Edwin Rudge. (*In the original the printer's mark is in blue.*)

Form Letters

ILLUSTRATOR TO AUTHOR

W. A. DWIGGINS

The ILLUSTRATOR
commissioned to make a set of drawings, discovers that the AUTHOR has doubts
about the utility of pictures in his book.
Undertakes, by means of these letters, to convince him (the AUTHOR)
that Illustrations may be an advantage—at least, not detrimental.
Succeeds, after a fashion—not too well.
Does, however, get one thing done to his satisfaction.
Unloads on the AUTHOR an assortment of opinions
about the proper function of Illustration
and the relation between
pictures and text.

WILLIAM EDWIN RUDGE
NEW YORK 1930

Title page designed, printed, published by the Brothers Johnson, *San Francisco.*
118

GEORGE STERLING

THE MAN

A TRIBUTE

BY

ALBERT M. BENDER

SAN FRANCISCO
THE WINDSOR PRESS
1929

Title page designed by John S. Fass, *printed and published by the* Harbor Press.

120

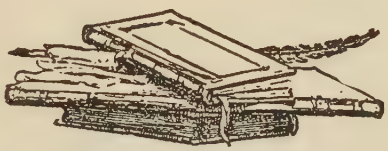
Extracts

FROM

THE DIARY

OF

Roger Payne



NEW YORK
THE HARBOR PRESS
1928

Title page designed by John S. Fass, *printed and published by the* Harbor Press
(*In the original the drawing, by* W. Cotton, *and the border, are in light brown.*)
122

Arabia Infelix

AND OTHER POEMS

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

NEW YORK: THE FOUNTAIN PRESS
LONDON: CHATTO AND WINDUS
1929

Title page designed and printed by the Walpole Printing Office.

Page opening (126-127) *from* A Remedy for Disappearing Game Fishes *by Herbert Clark Hoover; woodcuts by* Harry Cimino, *designed by* John S. Fass, *printed by the* Harbor Press, *and published by the* Huntington Press. *New York, 1930.*

124

Christopher Morley

HIS BOOKS IN FIRST EDITION

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
BURTON EMMETT

BOOKSHOP OF HARRY STONE
24 EAST 58*th* STREET : NEW YORK
1930

more fishing holes in the route. We must either multiply the output of our hatcheries by some fearful number or find some other way out.

THE EXPERIMENT

SOME four years ago I expressed to Commissioner O'Malley, when inducting him into the headship of the Bureau of Fisheries, my complete skepticism over the effectiveness of our synthetic incubation and its statistical relations to the realistic life of a fish. My general thesis was that those infants did not have a dog's chance to gain that maturity which was required either by public policy or to produce the fishing beatitudes. He and his able assistant, Mr. Leach, thereupon started experiments to see if we could not apply mass production in nursing infant trout, bass, and other game fish to an age when they could survive traffic accidents or do battle with cannibals or enter the cannibal ranks themselves

Title page designed and printed by Peter Beilenson. (*In the original the decoration is in green, and the book is printed on pale blue paper.*)

MODRED

A FRAGMENT BY

EDWIN ARLINGTON

ROBINSON

·: [MCMXXIX] :·

Edmond Byrne Hackett : The Brick Row Bookshop, Inc.

New York, New Haven, Princeton

Title page designed by W. A. Kittredge, *printed by the* Lakeside Press.
130

COMMON SENSE

BY

THOMAS PAINE

WITH A PREFACE BY

WILLIAM M. VAN DER WEYDE

★ ★
★

1928

RIMINGTON & HOOPER, *Publishers*

NEW YORK

Title page designed by Frederic Warde, *printed by* William Edwin Rudge.
(*In the original the vignette is in green.*)

LOVE
AND
THE LUXEMBOURG

By

RICHARD ALDINGTON

NEW YORK

Covici, Friede Inc.

1930

Title page designed by Frederic Warde, *printed by* William Edwin Rudge.
The decorations are by Gordon Ross.

134

RURAL SPORTS

together with

The Birth of the Squire
and
The Hound and the Huntsman

By

JOHN GAY
Author of
THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

Pictures by
Gordon Ross
with an introduction by
Owen Culbertson

New York
William Edwin Rudge
1930

CHRISTOPHER PLANTIN

Avoir une maison commode, propre & belle,
Un jardin tapissé d'espaliers odorans,
Des fruits, d'excellent vin, peu de train, peu d'enfans,
Posseder seul sans bruit une femme fidéle.
N'avoir dettes, amour, ni procés, ni querelle,
Ni de partage à faire avecque ses parens,
Se contenter de peu, n'espérer rien des Grands,
Régler tous ses desseins sur un juste modéle.
Vivre avecque franchise et sans ambition,
S'adonner sans scrupule à la dévotion,
Domter ses passions, les rendre obéissantes.
Conserver l'esprit libre, & le jugement fort,
Dire son Chapelet en cultivant ses entes,
C'est attendre chez soi bien doucement la mort.

THE

PLANTIN-MORETVS MVSEVM

A PRINTER'S PARADISE

BY THEODORE L. DE VINNE

THE GRABHORN PRESS

MCMXXIX

Page opening designed and printed by Edwin Grabhorn. (*In the original the illustration is colored by hand.*)

Page from The Plantin Moretus Museum; *designed by* Edwin Grabhorn *and printed and published by the* Grabhorn Press. (*In the original the initial is colored by hand.*)

Page opening (*140-141*) *from* Leaves of Grass, *by* Walt Whitman, *designed by* Edwin Grabhorn, *printed by the* Grabhorn Press, *and published by* Random House, *New York, 1930. The woodcut is by* Valenti Angelo. (*Reduced.*)

THE PLANTIN-MORETVS MVSEVM AT ANTWERP

THE modern printing-office is not at all picturesque. Whether it be old with grimy hand presses and dingy types, or new, with huge iron machines and long lanes of cases and stones, it does not invite the artistic pencil. Without doubt the cradle of books, but can one see any poetry about the cradle? The eye is confused with strange sights; the ear is jarred with harsh noise; the air itself is heavy with odors of ink and oil and wet paper. Nor does the imagination expand in the office of the

1. I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same,
and their parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

2. Houses and rooms are full of perfumes, the shelves are crowded with perfumes,
I breathe the fragrance myself and know it and like it,
The distillation would intoxicate me also, but I shall not let it.

The atmosphere is not a perfume, it has no taste of the distillation,
it is odorless,
It is for my mouth forever, I am in love with it,
I will go to the bank by the wood and become undisguised and naked,
I am mad for it to be in contact with me.

The smoke of my own breath,
Echoes, ripples, buzz'd whispers, love-root, silk-thread, crotch and vine,
My respiration and inspiration, the beating of my heart,
the passing of blood and air through my lungs,
The sniff of green leaves and dry leaves, and of the shore
and dark-color'd sea-rocks, and of hay in the barn,
The sound of the belch'd words of my voice loos'd to the eddies of the wind,
A few light kisses, a few embraces, a reaching around of arms,
The play of shine and shade on the trees as the supple boughs wag,
The delight alone or in the rush of the streets, or along the fields and hill-sides,
The feeling of health, the full-noon trill, the song of me rising from bed
and meeting the sun.

Have you reckon'd a thousand acres much? have you reckon'd the earth much?
Have you practis'd so long to learn to read?
Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of poems?

Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems,
You shall possess the good of the earth and sun, (there are millions of suns left,)
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through
the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books,
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me,
You shall listen to all sides and filter them from your self.

3. I have heard what the talkers were talking, the talk of the beginning and the end,
But I do not talk of the beginning or the end.

There was never any more inception than there is now,
Nor any more youth or age than there is now,

Page from Robinson Crusoe *by Defoe: designed by* Edwin Grabhorn, *printed by the* Grabhorn Press *and published by the* Limited Editions Club, *New York, 1930. (In the original the decoration, by* Edward Wilson, *is in colors.)*

142

INTRODUCTION

BY FORD MADOX FORD

Defoe stands alone amongst writers of world wide popularity in that he is almost completely *auctor ignotus.* More can be known, if you choose to dig it up, of his life than is known of Shakespeare or Homer or Virgil. But no one ever wants to dig it up.

What did he look like? I have not the vaguest idea and, what is more singular, I have not the slightest desire to acquire the information; neither will you as reader greatly desire that I should do so for your instruction. I remember that years ago there was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London a *genre* picture by someone like the late E. M. Ward, R.A., a thing of costumes and postures and swords and ruffles. The legend beneath it was, naturally:

'Earless on high stood unabashed Defoe!'

But the one piece of literary erudition that as a boy I possessed was that Defoe never lost his ears though he actually stood in the pillory. Yet that line is all that the relatively instructed reader carries about with him—and the fact that it narrates is untrue! For the normally uninstructed reader not even a lie comes to help him with the author of *Moll Flanders.*

Four Title pages from Private Papers of James Boswell; *designed by* Bruce Rogers *and printed and published for* Lt-Colonel Ralph H. Isham *by William Edwin Rudge.* (*All are reduced in size and the medallion, on page 149, is dark brown in color in the original.*)

Private Papers of

JAMES BOSWELL

from Malahide Castle

In the Collection of

Lt-Colonel RALPH HEYWARD ISHAM

Prepared for the press by GEOFFREY SCOTT

and now first printed

1

THE MAKING OF
THE LIFE
OF JOHNSON

AS SHOWN IN

BOSWELL'S FIRST NOTES
ORIGINAL DIARIES
AND REVISED DRAFTS

A Study of Boswell's Biographical Method
Marking the Successive Steps in the Composition

PRIVATELY PRINTED
MCMXXIX

BOSWELL

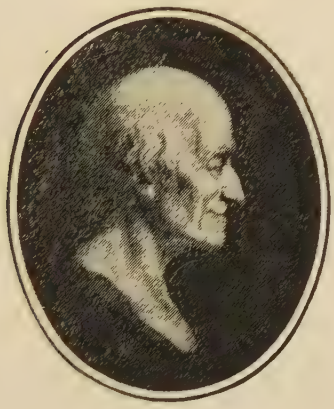
WITH

ROUSSEAU

AND

VOLTAIRE

1764



PRIVATELY PRINTED

MCMXXVIII

THE JOURNAL

OF

James Boswell

1765-1768

CORSICA

ITALY FRANCE ENGLAND SCOTLAND

Correspondence and Interview with WILLIAM PITT

and Papers Showing the Development of the

ACCOUNT OF CORSICA

PRIVATELY PRINTED

MCMXXX

The Use of Illustration in Fine Book Design

6

PICTORIAL art established its relations with literature almost immediately when books began to be made. The early books, the manuscripts of the scribes, became works of beauty when lavishly decorated and illuminated, and of even greater grandeur when artists added the embellishment of colorful miniatures by hand. Then came the printing press and while not a few early printed books were illuminated by hand, and, even so illustrated, this method eventually proved to be impractical. Printers whose first models were handwritten books which they imitated as closely as possible, even to the extent of decorating their book pages by hand, came to realize that they were working at a new art, one with a purpose and a destiny of its own.

Wood engraving was not widely practised before printing from movable types was invented. Douglas Percy Bliss, in his book on wood engraving, points out that while the art was known centuries before the advent of the printing press, the costliness of paper had prohibited its wide use until books were already being printed. But it was wood cutting that came to the aid of the new art of printing. Books called block books were the first to bear printed illustrations. These were printed from the blocks on which both the picture and lettering had been cut. But when movable types became more common, the printers realized how tedious this method was, and began to use the woodcuts

as separate blocks, setting the type to accompany them. The significant point to stress in regard to block books, however, is the fact that the same block contained the engraving of the illustration and the text, both often executed by the same hand, so that an essential harmony between type (or letters) and illustration was established at once. Thus, wood cutting became a more distinct field. In illustrating books printed from type, the engraver found that, to retain the charm in the printed page, he had to cut his blocks in a technique which would accord, somehow, with the character of the type beside which they appeared. A page of type, when printed, had an even gray tone composed of black line forms on white paper. So the wood block must also be made up of black lines, which, when printed, would be of an even tone, with few solid blacks. In the work of an unknown artist—the illustrations for the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, printed by Aldus about 1499—we see this method at its highest level of attainment. The physical beauty of the book as a whole and the remarkable harmony of printed page and illustration have rarely been equalled.

For hundreds of years woodcuts prevailed as a means of book illustration. Though engraving on copper and other metals was introduced soon after the inception of the printing art, these were more difficult and more expensive. Reproduced principally by an intaglio process, they could not be printed along with type, nor did they harmonize with it as did wood engraving, a relief process. Then, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, Thomas Bewick introduced a new method of engraving. He cut white lines into a black ground and thus began a new movement. As Bewick and a few of his followers used it, this technique, with the blacker transitional and modern type faces, was effective and maintained the traditions of artistic illustration. But once out of Bewick's hands, it grew into the rather wretched way of reproducing paintings and photographs that was common in the past century. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, Edouard Pelletan, a French

in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill, but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul:* the others repeated the same words several times, but then I knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness: at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, & wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, & after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud *Tolgo phonac;* when in an instant I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body, (though I felt them not) & some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: & as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest

publisher, revived illustrative art partly through the use of wood engravings. But his effort, though distinguished, was not strong enough to excite many followers, or lead to interesting developments. Charles Shannon and Charles Ricketts made a definite step toward restoring the harmony of type and picture, in the *Hero and Leander* and *Daphnis and Chloe*, printed by the Vale Press in the 1890's, and Burne-Jones made a similar effort in his illustrations for the *Chaucer* of the Kelmscott Press. But these artists were satisfied to imitate the technique of the illustrations in the famous *Poliphili*, and their work, like Morris's in printing, served only to direct the attention of students to their sources. But by doing this they took another step toward that high level of illustrative art which prevails in England today.

As a matter of fact, the later school of wood engravers returned to the white line technique, but used it in a manner not at all similar to Bewick's nor to the sad work which followed his. The artists engaged in this important work have gradually built up a new school of illustration, based upon a principle of harmony with typography through contrast in color of block and type mass, for the general tone of their work is dark, though it is often used in combination with old-style types. Yet, when rightly used, these engravings take a subtle and quite delightful place in the books they decorate. Notable results in this field are far too numerous to mention in detail. Eric Gill, David Jones, Ethelbert White, Paul Nash, John Nash, and Robert Gibbings are some of the leaders of this movement, and their work has been chiefly centered in the excellent books of the Golden Cockerel Press in England.

But wood engraving, though still more successful in many ways than various other methods of illustration, is not the only promising way.

Page from Gullivers Travels; *designed and printed and published by the* Golden Cockerel Press, *1925*. (*In the original this, and many of the other woodcuts, by* David Jones, *were colored by hand.*)

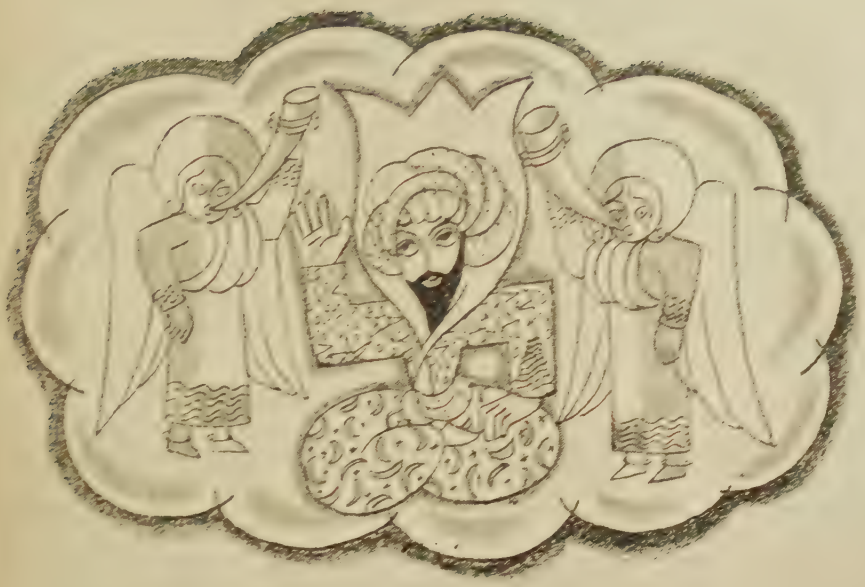
Other modern methods must be acknowledged and as typography is a graphic art, supplementing the literary art, other means of graphic expression may be combined with it to contribute worthily to the art of the book. Such graphic arts today include burin engraving on metal, etching, lithography, and drawing in ink, pencil, or charcoal. Diversified as are the techniques possible with these many methods, they may all be, and indeed all have been, capably combined with type to enhance the printed page. In modern French illustration each of these techniques has been called upon to make books more lively and attractive. The real essential is the book designer's foresight and ability. He must be able to select an artist who can produce attractive work and judiciously combine it with the other elements which go to make a handsome book.

The Nonesuch Press recognized illustration as a factor in book design at the outset. *Genesis, the First Chapter*, was probably the first illustrated book they published and in it the sense of appropriateness of type design and illustration is admirably evident. Copper plates were used in the *Apocrypha*, and these were exquisitely, if simply, combined with the type pages; Stephen Gooden, the maker of those plates, made similar ones for the illustration of the four volumes that make the Nonesuch *Bible*. But the first real innovation in illustrative art was the edition of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. This book contained about a hundred and fifty drawings by E. McKnight Kauffer. It is, to my

---

Page 155 from Vathek *by Beckford, designed by* Francis Meynell, *printed by the* University Press, Oxford, *and published by the* Nonesuch Press, *London, 1929.* [*The illustrations, by* Marion V. Dorn, *are in colors.*]

Page opening 156-157 from Benito Cereno *by Herman Melville, designed by* Francis Meynell, *printed by the* Curwen Press, *and published by the* Nonesuch Press, *London, 1926. In the original the illustrations, by* E. McKnight Kauffer, *are in colors. Reduced.*]



VATHEK: AN ARABIAN TALE

VATHEK, ninth caliph of the Abasside line, was the son of Motassem and the grandson of Haroun al-Raschid. He came to the throne in the flower of his age, and the great qualities which he already possessed caused his subjects to hope that his reign would be long and happy. His countenance was pleasing and majestic; but, when he was angry, one of his eyes shone with such a terrible light that no man could endure its gaze, and the wretch on whom it was turned fell back in confusion and sometimes even expired on the spot. So, for fear of depopulating his country and making a desert of his palace, the prince took care that his anger was but rarely aroused.

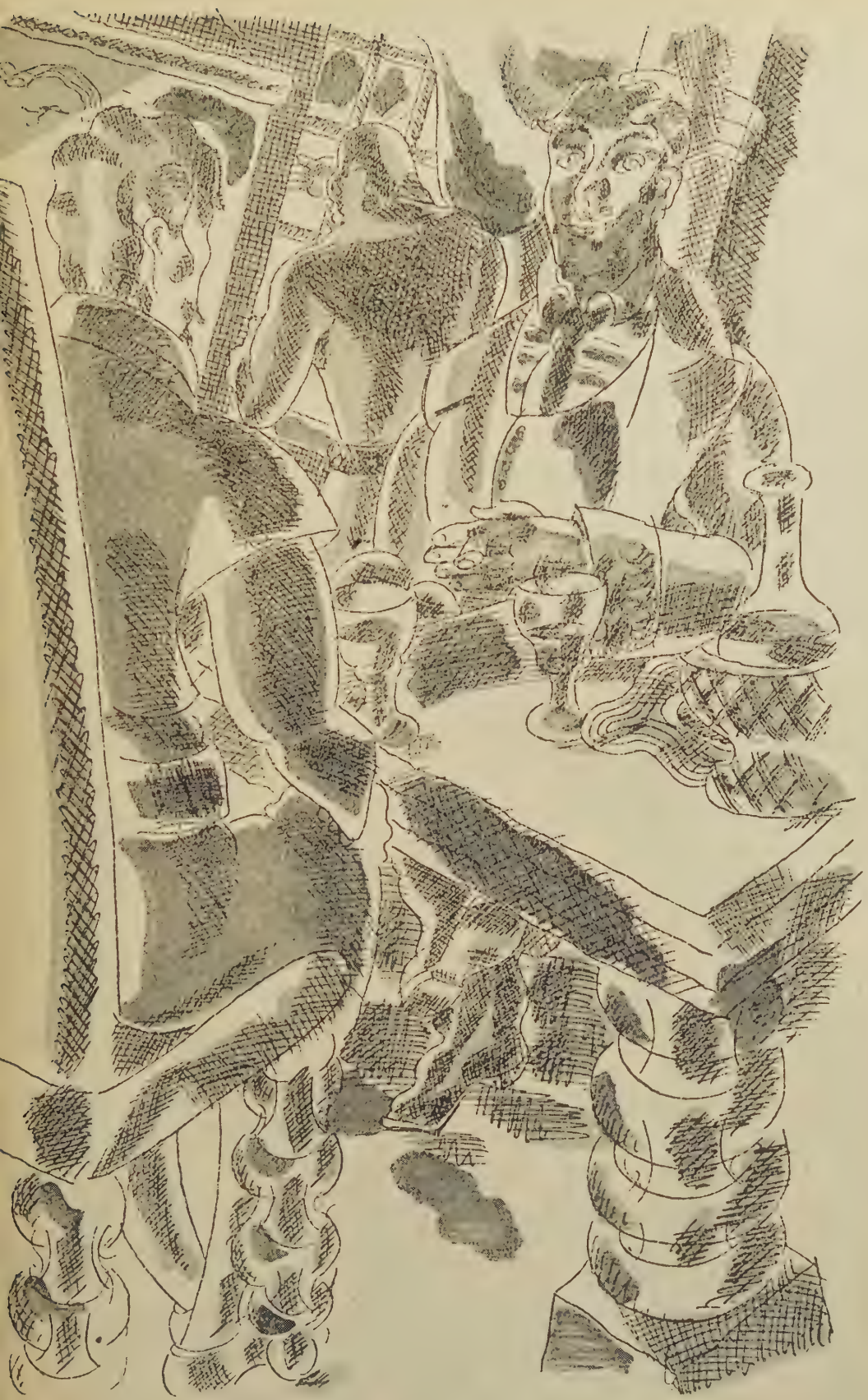
The negro placed a rug under Don Benito's feet, and a cushion behind his back, and then stood behind, not his master's chair, but Captain Delano's. At first, this a little surprised the latter. But it was soon evident that, in taking his position, the black was still true to his master; since by facing him he could the more readily anticipate his slightest want.

'This is an uncommonly intelligent fellow of yours, Don Benito,' whispered Captain Delano across the table.

'You say true, señor.'

During the repast, the guest again reverted to parts of Don Benito's story, begging further particulars here and there. He inquired how it was that the scurvy and fever should have committed such wholesale havoc upon the whites, while destroying less than half of the blacks. As if this question reproduced the whole scene of plague before the Spaniard's eyes, miserably reminding him of his solitude in a cabin where before he had had so many friends and officers round him, his hand shook, his face became hueless, broken words escaped; but directly the sane memory of the past seemed replaced by insane terrors of the present. With starting eyes he stared before him at vacancy. For nothing was to be seen but the hand of his servant pushing the Canary over towards him. At length a few sips served partially to restore him. He made random reference to the different constitution of races, enabling one to offer more resistance to certain maladies than another. The thought was new to his companion.

Presently Captain Delano, intending to say something to his host concerning the pecuniary part of the business he had undertaken for him, especially—since he was strictly account-



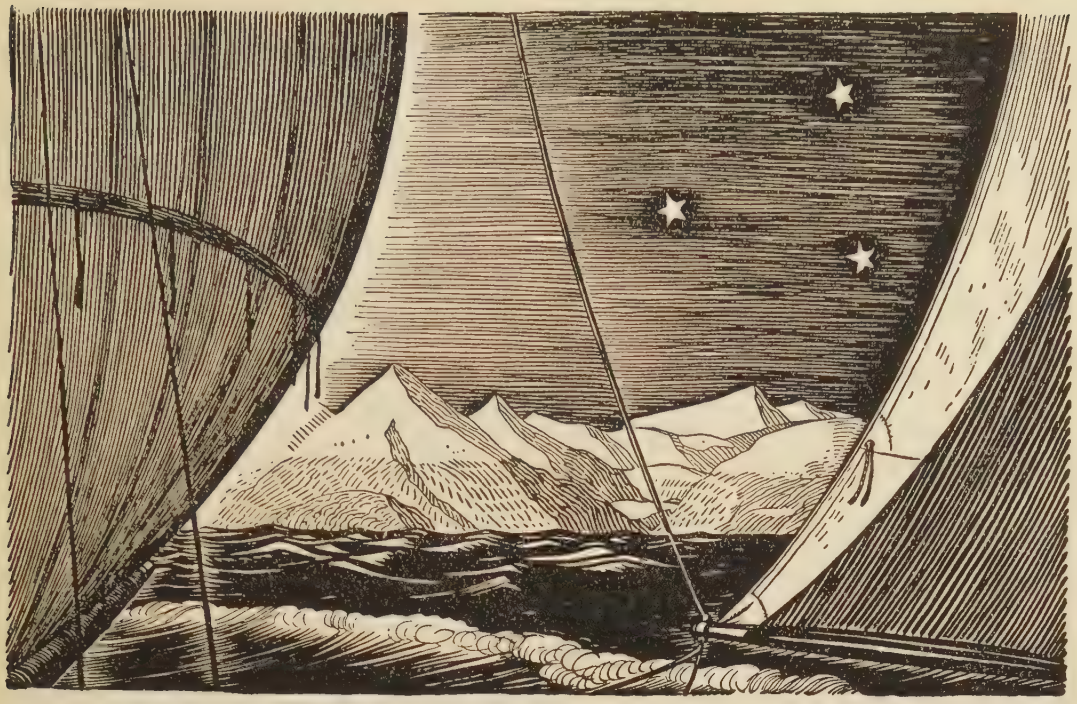
mind, the first modern book to approach the beauty of the *Poliphili*. But there is no similarity between these drawings and those in the early book, and certain smug critics may deny me the comparison. Yet Kauffer, by discovering a new technique, and by giving a very modern, abstract interpretation to an old literary work, has attained not only harmony with the typography of the book but with the very spirit of the text as well. Here is illustration that touches its highest purpose. Another triumph for the same artist and the Press is Herman Mellville's *Benito Cereno*. Still another technique is employed in these drawings and to no less successful end.

That the typographer is to a great extent responsible for the harmony of type and illustration in these issues is demonstrated in other illustrated books of the Press such as *Milton's Poems*, with Blake's drawings, and *The Divine Comedy*, with the drawings Botticelli made to accompany the text, which bear testimony to Francis Meynell's understanding of the problems he faces, while the selection of Georg Grosz to illustrate their edition of Ernst Toller's play, *Brokenbrow*, is a further evidence of the designer's genius.

In the United States, the number of artists making substantial contributions to illustration is extremely small when compared with the vast number who are contributing worthless drawings and paintings to books and magazines. Rockwell Kent was doubtless the first to produce really significant contemporary work in this field. His *Wilderness*, published by Putnam in 1920, came as a revelation in book art to many American amateurs. With only a little better understanding of the problems of typography this book might have been of even greater strength. *Voyaging*, which he wrote a few years later and which the same publisher presented in 1924, showed an advance in typograghy

---

Page from Voyaging *by* Rockwell Kent; *illustrated by the author, published by* G. P. Putnam's Sons, *New York, 1924.* (*Reduced.*)



SAILING FREE

Making so little progress here, I struggled up the steep sides of the ravine to a hilltop free of trees that held our hope of better footing. Yet even there, under last season's matted growth of grass, was bog as saturated as the spongy hollows of the forest.

On the shores of Indian Cove were the remains of several encampments identical with that living one that we had visited. With the long grass grown up about their trampled hollows they resembled the twin nests of some huge bird. The framework of one pair was still intact. They stood in a most green and pleasant grove beside a little rill of water, and like those others, faced the water.

One could fancy dwelling there in the achievement of that leisure which is the heart's desire; and, from the hut's snug warmth and darkness, contemplating hours long, for days and years, that most absolute, unchanging and eternal universe of sea and mountain peaks and stars, until at last thought ripened into understanding.

"I then asked Ezekiel," writes Blake of a conversation with the prophet, "why he ate dung, and lay so long on his right and left side. He answer'd, 'The desire of raising other men into a perception of the infinite': this the North American tribes practise, and is he honest who resists his genius or conscience only for the sake of present ease or gratification?"

as well as a refinement of technique in the drawings, and in *Candide*, published by Random House in 1928, we find that Kent has thoroughly realized his potentialities.

Other definite efforts have been made toward illustrative art in American books, but the movement can really be said to have come to little realization except in Rockwell Kent's work. William Gropper made some realistic drawings to illustrate *Circus Parade*, by Jim Tully, for A. & C. Boni; but, lacking a typographer to set them in their place, their effectiveness is weakened. The more recent *Shadows of Men*, by the same author and artist, is a better example of the combination of typography with drawing. Ernest Fiene made drawings to decorate the *Phillida and Coridon* of the Spiral Press and this enterprise has recently made a book decorated with drawings by Wanda Gag. Peggy Bacon has done distinguished work in a children's book published by Macmillan, and in a book of songs published by Harcourt Brace. Leon Underwood, an Englishman working in this country, has made striking illustrations for Brentano's *John Paul Jones* and *Red Tiger*, two books by Phillips Russell. Edward A. Wilson has recently illustrated a number of books. But all these efforts must be considered as only approaching the goal; not because of shortcomings in the drawings and illustrations themselves, but because they have not in every case been made a coherent part of the book as a whole.

Yet the potentialities of such an art in this country are as great as they are anywhere else. In England illustrative art is generally confined to the work of those who are not greatly concerned with painting–principally graphic artists and, in rare cases, commercial artists but never members of that group of hacks known as "illustrators." In Germany and France, however, modern painters have been called upon to make drawings, lithographs, and engravings for book illustrations, and it must be acknowledged that George Grosz, Maillol, Matisse, Piccasso, Derain, and many other distinguished contemporary

GROWN WEARY OF BEING IN JAIL, EDDIE EVANS HAD decided to accept the kind banker's offer. He had gone a few days before.

"Go to the General Delivery window," he said in parting, "I'll mail you twenty dollars."

Our sentence was drawing to a close.

He had bribed the guards to bring the things he needed. He wore a silk scarf and a new silk shirt. A varicolored silk kerchief hung from the breast pocket of his coat. He left a half-filled bottle of perfume of a rare and delicate odor.

The Old Fairy took possession of the bottle. It was later taken from him. Its contents were sprinkled about the washroom.

Page from Shadows of Men *by Jim Tully; illustrated by* William Gropper, *arranged in the office of the publisher, and published by* Doubleday, Doran & Co., *New York, 1930.*

painters have enhanced and brightened the many books in which their work has appeared. The much-discussed abstract character generally evident in modern painting lends itself in their case to the formal effects so desirable in book design. It is to the modern American painters, I believe, that we should look for the development of book illustration. This direction has already been taken, obviously, where worth-while work is done. Rockwell Kent was a recognized painter before he produced *Wilderness*. He had of course made drawings for magazine decorations in the previous years, but these were signed "Hogarth, Jr." and the identity of the artist was not disclosed until his success in painting was assured. Ernest Fiene and Wanda Gag are painters and Peggy Bacon has been more widely recognized for her etchings than for her illustrative work. We have artists, many of them, who can produce brilliant work but we are short of book designers who understand the problem of selecting and incorporating pictures into the pages of their books. How wide a field there would be for the development of this graphic art if publishers could understand the added liveliness and color possible for contemporary books of fiction and biography through the artistic use of illustration! Unfortunately, drawings for books are too often made by second-raters better adapted to the advertising of canned pork and beans. The real artists, who have the taste and originality required for fine pictorial expression of literary thought, are confined to their own field as painters. A list of artists whose work might well be applied to book illustration or decoration could be readily compiled and carried to great length. But it would be to no purpose. It is necessary to draw a line between the "artists' books" consisting of pictures supplemented by text, and those that have the qualities of literature and printing as well. The graphic artist, no matter how fine his drawings may be, is rarely a book designer, and illustration takes its important place in books only when it is part of the plan of expression, and selected and arranged by the book designer himself.

Page opening (166-167) from Brokenbrow *by Ernst Toller; illustrated by* George Grosz, *designed by* Francis Meynell, *and published by the* Nonesuch Press, *London, N. D.*

Page opening (168-169) from Phillida and Coridon *by Nicholas Breton; designed by* Joseph Blumenthal *and printed and published by the* Spiral Press, *New York, 1927. (In the original there are two washes of flat color on the drawing, by* Ernest Fiene.)

Page opening (170-171) from Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde *by Robert Louis Stevenson; illustrated by* W. A. Dwiggins, *designed by* Elmer Adler, *printed by the* Pynson Printers, *and published by* Random House, *New York, 1929. (In the original the illustration reproduced was printed on buff paper, while other illustrations were printed on various colors of paper.)*

head. So walk up, walk up. First come, first serve. Last warning. The performance is about to begin. (*A bell rings.*) Cash ready. Thrippence a head. Walk up—walk up!

★A GIRL (*pointing at Gene*) : I say, Jess, what would you say to feeling his muscles?

★ANOTHER GIRL : Or his ribs. . . .

★SHOWMAN (*hears them*) : Certainly, ladies. Feel as much as you please. That's not stuffing; that's no fake. That's Robot, the incarnate might of Empire.

Jock *and* Maggie *come on with their arms round each other's waist. At first they don't see the booth. As they speak the din becomes inaudible but the crowd carries on its business in dumb show.*

★JOCK : This is the life! Are you enjoying yourself, Maggie? Isn't it glorious? Makes you glad to be alive. Like a turn on the roundabouts, Maggie? I'll stand you anything you like now.

★MAGGIE : It's like a dream—like a story-book. Six years of worrying, pinching and scraping and grieving I've had. Like a mole that doesn't dare show its nose above ground. Not that I ask for much, Jock. Don't think I expect a lot. A poor girl doesn't look for much, from the start. If you're lucky you work and work every day of your life till you're too old and have to come on your children. If you're not, you get nothing but grousing and rows and knocking about from your man. But this—this is more than I'd ever hoped for.

★JOCK : The beginning of a new life for you, Maggie.

★MAGGIE (*tenderly*) : I say, Jock——

★JOCK : What, Maggie?

★MAGGIE : Darling. (*Kisses him long and tenderly.*)

★JOCK (*with obvious self-satisfaction*) : You see, you don't mind all the people any more—bashfulness is just one of those notions as you might say——

★SHOWMAN (*makes his voice heard*) : Robot, the strong man of the Empire. (*His voice becomes inaudible again.*)

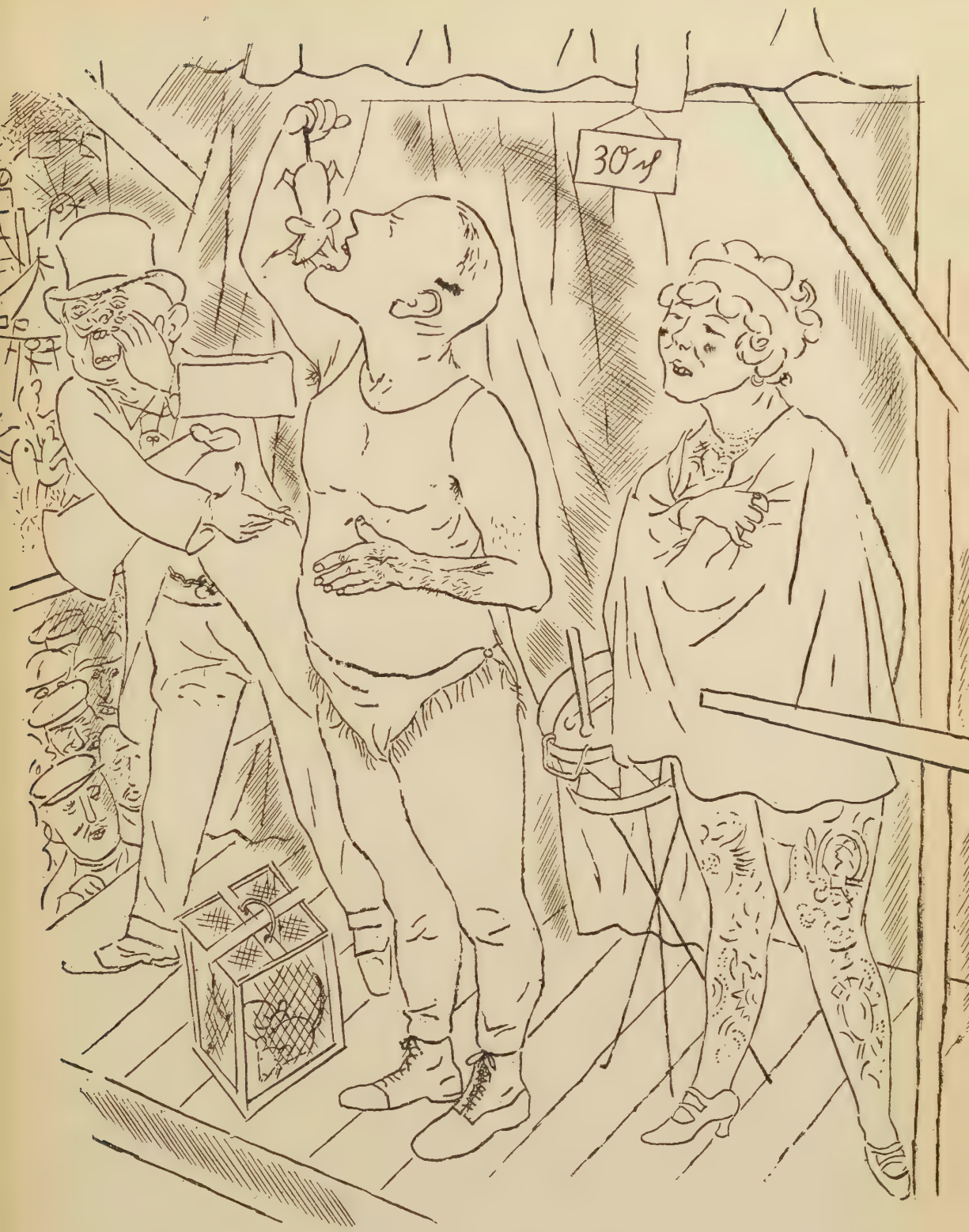
★MAGGIE : O Jock! Jock!

★JOCK : What's the matter?

★MAGGIE : Look there, do you see who that is?

★JOCK : Who?

★MAGGIE : That man in the tights.


30 м

THE COUNTRY LAD

Who can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad?
Who upon a fair green baulk
May at pleasure sit and walk,
And amid the azure skies
See the morning sun arise,
While he hears in every spring
How the birds do chirp and sing,
Or before the hounds in cry
See the hares go stealing by,
Or along the shallow brook,
Angling with a baited hook,
See the fishes leap and play
In a blesséd sunny day,
Or to hear the partridge call
Till she have her covey all,
Or to see the subtle fox,
How the villain plies the box,
After feeding on his prey
How he closely sneaks away,

chained down, began to growl for licence. Not that I dreamed of resuscitating Hyde; the bare idea of that would startle me to frenzy: no, it was in my own person that I was once more tempted to trifle with my conscience; and it was as an ordinary secret sinner that I at last fell before the assaults of temptation.

There comes an end to all things; the most capacious measure is filled at last; and this brief condescension to my evil finally destroyed the balance of my soul. And yet I was not alarmed; the fall seemed natural, like a return to the old days before I had made my discovery. It was a fine, clear January day, wet under foot where the frost had melted, but cloudless overhead; and the Regent's Park was full of winter chirrupings and sweet with spring odours. I sat in the sun on a bench; the animal within me licking the chops of memory; the spiritual side a little drowsed, promising subsequent penitence, but not yet moved to begin. After all, I reflected, I was like my neighbours; and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comparing my active goodwill with the lazy cruelty of their neglect. And at the very moment of that vainglorious thought, a qualm came over me, a horrid nausea and the most deadly shuddering. These passed away, and left me faint; and then as in its turn the faintness subsided, I began to be aware of a change in the temper of my thoughts, a greater boldness, a contempt of danger, a solution of the bonds of obligation. I looked down; my clothes hung formlessly on my shrunken limbs; the hand that

Page from The Canterbury Tales; *illustrated by* Rockwell Kent, *designed by* S. A. Jacobs, *and published by* Covici, Friede, Inc., *New York, 1930.* (*Reduced.*)

Page opening (*174-175*) *from* John Paul Jones *by Phillips Russell; illustrated by* Leon Underwood, *arranged in the office of the publisher, and published by* Brentano's, *New York, 1927.* (*The type page here is, with the kind permission of the publisher, a critical re-setting better to accord with the author's feeling of how the page should have been made part of the book.*)

Page opening (*176-177*) *from* Art and Love *by* Eric Gill, *illustrated with copper plate engravings by the author, printed by the* Golden Cockerel Press, *and published by* Douglas Cleverdon, *Bristol, 1927.* (*In the original the illustration is printed directly from the plate.*)

Page opening (*178-179*) *from* The Palace of Pleasure, *by William Painter, illustrated by* Douglas Percy Bliss, *printed by the* University Press, Oxford, *and published by the* Cresset Press, *London, 1929.* (*Reduced.*)

Page opening (*180-181*) *from* Candide *by Voltaire; illustrated by* Rockwell Kent, *designed by* Elmer Adler, *printed by the* Pynson Printers, *and published by* Random House, *New York, 1929. This is from the* Random House Reprint *series, and is a re-setting of the first edition in which the illustrations appeared, which was composed in a different type.*

Page opening (*182-183*) *from* The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym *by Edgar Allan Poe; illustrated by* René Clark, *printed by* Fred Anthoensen *at* The Southworth Press, *and published by the* Limited Editions Club, *New York, 1929.* (*Reduced.*)

THE FRANKLIN'S TALE

Here the Franklin begins his Tale

AMORICA, and that is Brittany,
Once had a knight who greatly loved, and he
Served his liege-lady sweetly, he was wise
In both his labor and his enterprise
Of service for his liege, ere she was won.
She was the loveliest lady 'neath the sun
And from a family of high degree.
For fear of losing her, and scarce could he
Tell her his woe and pain, and his distress.
But she, at last and for his worthiness,
And since that he was meek in everything,
Took pity on this good knight's suffering;
And secretly, she was of his accord,
To take him for her husband and her lord;
Or for such lordship that men have of wives,
That they lead fuller and more happy lives.
Of his free will he swore to be her knight,
And never in his life, by day or night
Would he demand that he'd have mastery
Over her will, or show her jealousy.
He'd recognize her will in every way,
As any knight with his liege-lady may,
Save that the name of any sovereignty
Would rest in him, lest he shame his degree.
  For this she thanked him with an humbleness,
And said: "Sir Knight, since of your kindliness
You offer me, my dear, so great a rein,
I pray to God Almighty, 'twixt us twain
Will be no kind of jealousy or strife.
And I shall be a true and perfect wife.
This is my troth till heart bursts in my breast."
And thus were both in quiet and in rest.
  "Sir Knight, and one thing safely can I say,
That friends should love each other and obey
The urge of friendship if they would remain
Good friends. And love should never entertain
Mastery, for the god of love anon

THE FRANKELEYNS TALE

Here biginneth the Frankeleyns Tale.

In Armorik, that called is Britayne,
Ther was a knight that loved and dide his payne
To serve a lady in his beste wyse;
And many a labour, many a greet empryse
He for his lady wroghte, er she were wonne.
For she was oon, the faireste under sonne,
And eek therto come of so heigh kinrede,
That wel unnethes dorste this knight, for drede,
Telle hir his wo, his peyne, and his distresse.
But atte laste, she, for his worthinesse,
And namely for his meke obeysaunce,
Hath swich a pitee caught of his penunce,
That prively she fil of his accord
To take him for hir housbonde and hir lord,
Of swich lordshipe as men han over hir wyves;
And for to lede the more in blisse hir lyves,
Of his free wil he swoor hir as a knight,
That never in al his lyf he, day ne night,
Ne sholde up-on him take no maistrye
Agayn hir wil, ne kythe hir jalousye,
But hir obeye, and folwe hir wil in al
As any lovere to his lady shal;
Save that the name of soveraynetee,
That wolde he have for shame of his degree.
  She thanked him, and with ful greet humblesse
She seyde, 'sire, sith of your gentillesse
Ye profre me to have so large a reyne,
Ne wolde never god bitwixe us tweyne,
As in my gilt, were outher werre or stryf.
Sir, I wol be your humble trewe wyf,
Have heer my trouthe, til that myn herte breste.'
Thus been they bothe in quiete and in reste.
  For o thing, sires, saufly dar I seye,
That frendes everich other moot obeye,
If they wol longe holden companye.
Love wol nat ben constreyned by maistrye;
Whan maistrie comth, the god of love anon

John Paul Finds Employment as Mate on a Slave Ship

CHAPTER VIII ⋆ *The First Cruise*

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

I

JOHN PAUL, then 29 years old, was appointed a senior naval lieutenant under the name of John Paul Jones on December 22, 1775. He was at once given the task of arming and manning the flagship *Alfred* moored off the foot of Walnut Street, Philadelphia. We can imagine the exhilaration with which he went about his new duties. His twenty months of wandering and uncertainty were over. He had made his confession regarding the Tobago misfortune to Hewes. He had that powerful man's friendship and support. He had stepped from the deck of an ordinary trading ship to that of a war vessel about to enter the lists against the most formidable sea-power in the world. Here was his chance to retrieve past errors and to win renown. His letters to Hewes and Morris written during this period reveal his hope, zeal, pride and anxiety.

In January, 1776, Commodore Ezek. Hopkins arrived in Philadelphia, and escorted by an eager throng of citizens, went down to the Delaware where lay eight ships of the new fleet. On his boarding the *Alfred*, Captain Saltonstall gave the signal and Lieutenant Jones pulled up to the masthead the first American naval flag. This was not the banner with thirteen stripes, but a rectangle of yellow silk bearing a picture of a rattlesnake and the legend "Don't

India the religious impulse has permeated life and work almost up to our own times. Now in India love has always been the theme par excellence of religious art—whether plastic, pictorial or literary.

¶ Manners also are permeated with religion and even during the marital embrace itself the man and wife, rising above animal circumstance, will accompany the pious act, for such it is, *and such they think it*, with ritual chant. How far are we removed in modern England from such a possibility?[1] In England even the old-time custom of 'grace' at meals has almost disappeared. It is not now considered polite to intrude religion into outward life or even into polite conversation. No wonder! for the religion of propriety, the state-established religion of England has never swayed the minds of men and Christianity is only now emerging from the penal times and emerging shorn of all those customs which make every act a religious and a ritual act and every moment a step towards God. European scepticism has only recently reached India and India has only recently proclaimed the right to a commercialism of her own. Before all is destroyed let us admire and praise the works of her past and especially those which most poignantly embody the recognition

[1] Compare, *e.g.*, Mediæval Nuptial 'Ceremonarium' wherein it is ordered that when the newly married pair are got to bed, the priest and acolytes shall enter, with censer and Holy Water, to give the Church's blessing on their union.

THE SIXTH NOVELL

CANDAULES KING OF LIDIA, SHEWING THE SECRETES OF HIS WYVES BEAUTIE TO GYGES, ONE OF HIS GUARDE: WAS BY COUNSAILE OF HIS WIFE, SLAINE BY THE SAID GYGES, AND DEPRIVED OF HIS KINGDOME

Of all follies wherewith vayne men be affected, the follie of immoderate love is moste to bee detested. For that husband, which is beautified with a comely and honest wife, whose rare excellencie doth surpasse other, aswel in lineaments, proporcion, and feature of bodie, as with inward qualities of minde: if he can not retaine in the secrecie and silence of his breast, that excelling gifte and benefite, is worthy to be inaugured with a Laurel crown of follie. Beautie eche man knoweth, is one of natures ornamentes, by her wisdome ordeined, not to enter in triumphe, as victours use upon gaine of victorie, with braverie to ostentate their glorie, by sound of Shalme and Drumme, but thankefully for the same, to proclaime the due praise to the authour of nature. For there is nothing more fraile and fading, then the luring lookes of dame beauties eies, altogether like the flaring Marigold floure, which in the moste fervent heate of the Sommers day, doth appeare most glorious, and upon retire of the nights shadowe, appeareth as though it had never been the same. And therefore he that conceiveth, rejoyce in her uncertayne state, is like to him that in his slombring dreame, doth imagine he hath founde a perelesse jewell, of price inestimable, beset with the glistring Diamonde: and perfectly awaked, knoweth he hath none such. If God hath indued a man with a wife that is beautifull and honest, hee is furnished with double pleasure; such, as rather thankes to him, then vain ostentation is to be remembred: otherwise, he doateth, either in Jelosie or openeth proude vauntes therof, to suche as he thinketh to be his most assured frendes. What joye the sequele therof doth bring, let the historie reporte.

Candaules king of Lydia, had a marveilous beautifull gentlewoman to his Queene and wife, whome hee loved very dearlye, and for that great love which he bare her, thought her the fayrest creature of the worlde. Being in this loving concept, hee extolled the prayse of his wife, to one of his guarde called Gyges, the sonne of Dascylus (whom he loved above all the reste of his housholde, and used his counsayle, in all his weightie causes) within a whyle after he sayde

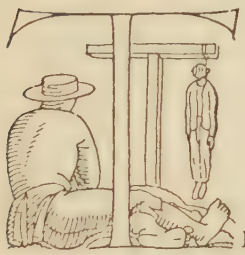
unto Gyges these woordes. 'It seemeth unto mee Gyges, that thou doest not greatlye beleve the woordes whiche I speake unto thee, of the beautie of my wyfe, but because eyes bee better witnesses of thinges then eares, thou shalt see her naked.' With these woordes Gyges being amazed cryed out, saying: 'What woordes be these (sir king) me thynke you are not well advised, to require mee to viewe and beholde the Lady my maistres in that sorte? For a woman seene naked, doth with her clothes, put of also her chastitie. In olde tyme honest thinges were devised for mannes instruction, emonges which was used this one thyng. That every man ought to beholde, the thinges that were his owne. But sir, I do beleve assuredly that she is the fairest woman in the world, wherefore desire me not to thynges that bee unlawefull.' In this sorte Gyges replied, and yet feared lest some daunger might happen unto hym. Whome Candaules encouraged, saying: 'Bee of good chere, and be not afrayde, that either I or my wyfe, goe about to deceive thee, or that thou shalt incurre anye daunger. For I wyll take upon me so to use the matter, as she by no meanes shall knowe that thou haste seene her. I wyll place thee behynde the portall of our chamber. When I goe to bedde, my wyfe commonly doth foolowe. And she being in the Chamber, a chayre is sette readye, uppon whiche shee layeth her clothes, as she putteth them of. Which done she sheweth her selfe a good tyme naked: and when she ryseth from her chayre to goe to bedde, her backe beyng towarde thee, thou mayest easilye conveyghe thy selfe out again, but in any wyse take heed, she doe not see thee, as thou goest out. Whereunto I praye thee, to have a speciall regarde.' Gyges seyng that by no means, hee could avoyde the vayne requeste of the king, was readie at the tyme appoynted. Candaules about the howre of bedde tyme, went into the Chamber, and conveighed Gyges into the same, and after the kyng the queene followeth, whome Gyges behelde at her going in, and at the putting of her clothes. When her back was towards him, (as he was going out) she perceived him. The queene understanding by her husbande, the circumstance of the facte, neyther for shame did crie out, ne yet made countenaunce as though she had seen Gyges; but in her minde purposed, to revenge her husbandes follie. For emonges the Lydians (as for the most part, with all other nations) it is coumpted a great shame, to see a naked man. The gentlewoman counterfaited her grief, and kepte silence. In the morning when she was redie, by such of her servaunts, whome she beste trusted, shee sent for Gyges, who thought that she had knowen nothing of that which chaunced. Being come before her presence; she sayd unto hym, 'Gyges I offer unto thee nowe twoo conditions, take whether thou wylte. For eyther thou must kill Candaules, and take mee to thy wyfe, and the kyngdome also, or els thou must dye thy selfe, that thou maiest understande, how in all thynges not meete to be knowen, it is not necessarye to obeye Candaules. For eyther he muste needes dye, whiche gave thee that counsayle or thy selfe, which diddest see me naked, and thereby committed a thing unlawfull.' Whiche words for a while, did wonderfully amaze Gyges, then he besought the Queene that she woulde par-

Candaules and Gyges

exclaimed, I tried to say: 'Stop, Barbarians!' but my voice failed and my cries would have been useless. When you had been well flogged, I said to myself: 'How does it happen that the charming Candide and the wise Pangloss are in Lisbon, the one to receive a hundred lashes, and the other to be hanged, by order of My Lord the Inquisitor, whose darling I am? Pangloss deceived me cruelly when he said that all is for the best in the world.' I was agitated, distracted, sometimes beside myself and sometimes ready to die of faintness, and my head was filled with the massacre of my father, of my mother, of my brother, the insolence of my horrid Bulgarian soldier, the gash he gave me, my slavery, my life as a kitchen-wench, my Bulgarian captain, my horrid Don Issachar, my abominable Inquisitor, the hanging of Dr. Pangloss, that long plain-song *miserere* during which you were flogged, and above all the kiss I gave you behind the screen that day when I saw you for the last time. I praised God for bringing you back to me through so many trials, I ordered my old woman to take care of you and to bring you here as soon as she could. She has carried out my commission very well; I have enjoyed the inexpressible pleasure of seeing you again, of listening to you, and of speaking to you. You must be very hungry; I have a good appetite; let us begin by having supper."

Both sat down to supper; and after supper they returned to the handsome sofa we have already mentioned; they were still there when Signor Don Issachar, one of the masters of the house, arrived. It was the day of the Sabbath. He came to enjoy his rights and to express his tender love.

WHAT HAPPENED TO CUNEGONDE, TO CANDIDE, TO THE GRAND INQUISITOR AND TO A JEW



CHAPTER IX

THIS Issachar was the most choleric Hebrew who had been seen in Israel since the Babylonian captivity. "What!" said he. "Bitch of a Galilean, isn't it enough to have the Inquisitor? Must this scoundrel share with me too?" So saying, he drew a long dagger which he always carried and, thinking that his adversary was unarmed, threw himself upon Candide; but our good Westphalian had received an excellent sword from the old woman along with his suit of clothes. He drew his sword, and although he had a most gentle character, laid the Israelite stone-dead on the floor at the feet of the fair Cunegonde. "Holy Virgin!" she exclaimed, "what will become of us? A man killed in my house! If the police come we are lost." "If Pangloss had not been hanged," said Candide, "he would have given us good advice in this extremity, for he was a great philosopher. In default of him, let us consult the old woman." She was extremely prudent and was beginning to give her advice when another little door opened. It was an hour after midnight, and Sunday was beginning. This day belonged to My Lord the Inquisitor. He came in and saw the flogged Candide sword in hand, a corpse lying on the ground, Cunegonde in terror, and the old woman giving advice. At this moment, here is what happened in Candide's soul and the manner of his reasoning: "If this holy man calls for help, he will infallibly have me burned; he might do as much to Cunegonde; he had me pitilessly lashed; he is my rival; I am in the mood to kill, there is no room for hesitation." His reasoning was clear and swift; and, without giving the Inquisitor time to recover from his surprise, he pierced him through and through and cast him beside the Jew. "Here's another," said Cunegonde, "there is no chance of mercy; we are excommunicated,

among the rest of his party were probably some twenty or thirty paces distant as we seized upon the canoe. We at first endeavoured to pull her into the deep water, beyond the reach of the savages, but finding her too firmly aground, and there being no time to spare, Peters, with one or two heavy strokes from the butt of the musket, succeeded in dashing out a large portion of the bow and of one side. We then pushed off.

Two of the natives by this time had got hold of our boat, obstinately refusing to let go, until we were forced to despatch them with our knives. We were now clear off, and making great way out to sea. The main body of the savages, upon reaching the broken canoe, set up the most tremendous yell of rage and disappointment conceivable. In truth, from everything I could see of these wretches, they appeared to be the most wicked, hypocritical, vindictive, blood-thirsty, and altogether fiendish race of men upon the face of the globe. It is clear we should have had no mercy had we fallen into their hands. They made a mad attempt at following us in the fractured canoe, but finding it useless, again vented their rage in a series of hideous vociferations, and rushed up into the hills.

We were thus relieved from immediate danger, but our situation was still sufficiently gloomy. We knew that four canoes of the kind we had were at one time in the possession of the savages, and were not aware of the fact (afterwards ascertained from our captive) that two of these had been blown to pieces in the explosion of the *Jane Guy*. We calculated, therefore, upon being yet pursued as soon as our enemies could get round to the bay (distant about three miles) where the boats were usually laid up. Fearing this we made every exertion to leave the island behind us, and went rapidly through the water, forcing the prisoner to take a paddle. In about half-an-hour when we had gained probably five or six miles to the southward, a large fleet of the flat-bottomed canoes or rafts were seen to emerge from the bay, evidently with the design of pursuit. Presently they put back, despairing to overtake us.

Revivals of Letter Forms and Type Designs

7

THE basis of all fine printing is type, and upon the prevailing quality of type the quality of printing depends at all times. At its inception in the hands of Gutenberg, type design was an imitation of the formal handwritings of the German scribes; and so successful was this imitation that beautiful printing began simultaneously with printing from type. For years the broad-pen handwriting of the scribes dominated type design, and it was not until Jenson revealed the beauty of roman letters with a type based upon a humanistic hand, that the gothic began to lapse in popularity. But even Jenson's fine roman could not immediately supersede the gothic, for it was the letter used by Aldus about twenty-five years later that finally brought this form to the admiration it deserved. Possibly its popularity grew rather because the books of Aldus had a wider distribution than those of Jenson, because it was not a better type. But with this accomplishment of the roman letter, introduced by da Spira, refined by Jenson, and made popular by Aldus, came a wider respect for printed books as an art distinct from calligraphic books. Printers using the gothic type had made a definite effort to imitate the handwritten books, but with roman types books began to drop their calligraphic aspects. They were illustrated with woodcuts, and woodcut initials replaced those which had formerly been drawn in by hand by the scribes.

So we perceive that art in book printing first arose from the close imitation of handwritten books and grew with general use of roman type that brought it recognition as a separate art. For another century type design flourished. Few important new letters were introduced, but Aldus's types were copied in France and the roman form of letters became popular in Holland. Fine printing prevailed first in France and then in Holland. But, with the decline of type design which came in the seventeenth century, there came also a decline in the quality of printing.

English printing had little typographic distinction until Caslon turned to type design. Types had previously been copied, first from France and then from Holland, in versions that were usually crude and ugly. When Caslon began his work, Dutch types were most frequently used and his design was simply a refinement of a Dutch letter rather than an original creation. But his effort was of greatest imporance and his old-face type was immediately successful. It was so popular, in fact, as to outshine the distinguished original letter designed by Baskerville a little later. But Baskerville's type had its reprisal. If the English preferred the soft curves of Caslon, the French had some appreciation of the sterner qualities of Baskerville. The punches of the latter went to France where they were accepted with more respect, and the types were used in an edition of the complete works of Voltaire in seventy volumes. Baskerville's type also became the basis of a new form of letter design called Modern, which was brought to its best development by Didot and Bodoni. And where the Baskerville type had been frowned upon in England, its derivatives were received with enthusiasm a few years later. They superseded Caslon's letters and the French distortions and exaggerations of their design were imitated in England. Thus Baskerville's type, by a roundabout way, and quite without their maker's intention, brought English printing to the lowest state it had ever known; the period of heavy-weight modern types.

Up to the middle of the nineteenth century, each high point of interest in printing and in excellence of production followed the introduction of some fresh or new type design. William Pickering and the younger Charles Whittingham were probably the first to realize the possibilities of adopting a fine type of the past. Charles Whittingham, the younger, printed *The Diary of Lady Willoughby* in Caslon's great primer oldface, which had been cast especially for his use after it had been forgotten for many years. The book was charming when placed against the usual printing of the day, and the quality of the type again found admirers. Not only was Caslon's type revived but the style of printing common to Caslon's day was also adopted.

For years the Whittinghams continued to print charming volumes in Caslon type, which William Pickering published, but somehow, though the distinction and importance of this activity was felt, it did not inspire many others to do likewise. The Reverend C. H. O. Daniel was merely a boy when Pickering first revived Caslon's type, but he was already playing with printing, and about thirty years later he revived the Fell types of the Oxford University Press, using them in books he printed at the Daniel Press. But his little enterprise was not commercial. The books, pamphlets, and broadsides he printed had very slight distribution, and I doubt whether many of the people who received them appreciated the beauty of the type or the fact that it was a revival of a popular type of a hundred years past. Neither Daniel's nor Pickering's efforts had wide or lasting effect. Pickering did bring back to Caslon's type the respect it had previously enjoyed. But either because the type was not readily obtainable, or because it was usually used in such abominable taste, it did not bring about a widespread elevation of quality in printing.

The second important revival of type design, from which the making of fine books received a new stimulus, was fostered by William Morris. Since Morris admired the gothic in decorative art, he naturally sought

gothic letters as a basis of his type design, and of course used his types in the gothic manner. Morris did not look upon himself as lacking in originality. It probably never occurred to him that he might create a new letter for his own use. Obviously he was not a type designer but a decorator. He simply believed that the types and styles of the early printers could not be surpassed, and his object was merely to regain for printed books the beauty they had inherited from manuscripts.

Though Morris's printing had a few immediate followers and imitators, only his own work was of any consequence. The direct imitators had little of their own to bring to printing. But there were a few who saw Morris's work as an inspiration for their own. Emery Walker and T. J. Cobden-Sanderson set up The Doves Press, taking Jenson's fine roman for the basis of their type. C. H. St. John Hornby set up the Ashendene Press, using first the Fell types of the Oxford University Press, then some Caslon, and finally going back to the Venetians for models for letter designs. Thus the private-press movement, instituted by William Morris, had its flowering in England, but, because of environment and material circumstances, was hardly of any consequence in the United States. The presses came and went, announcing a number of books, perhaps actually publishing one or two, and then were heard of no more. When the smoke cloud raised by Morris's imitators had cleared away, only a few enterprises of any note could be discovered. D. B. Updike had started the Merrymount Press in Boston; Bruce Rogers was at work at The Riverside Press; Frederic W. Goudy had obtained some small recognition as a designer of type and as director of The Village Press; and Carl P. Rollins had begun printing.

D. B. Updike was probably the leader in the revival of type designs in America. Bertram Goodhue, a distinguished American architect, designed the Merrymount type for the press in 1895; but as Updike says of himself and Goodhue, they were both "seduced by Morris's unduly black types," so they "merely modified the heaviness of the

Morris fonts, although adopting an early form of roman letter." Later Herbert P. Horne designed the Montallegro type, a light face, but also drawn from early Italian sources. But it is not for producing books printed in types based on traditional models that Updike's work is most important. He was an admirer of Pickering. He secured some Caslon types, having them cast from their original matrices. But he was not satisfied to bring only one musty letter to light. As a student of fine printing, he found many types from which good books had been printed in the past. He discovered (see note, page 21) the Oxford type, shelved by The American Typefounders Company, and had special castings made from the matrices; he imported a fine Scotch Roman from England, and the types of Janson from Holland. Updike secured a remarkable variety of distinguished type faces and printing material and, being an artist of no small ability, he could use them only to obtain beautiful results. (See note regarding Oxford type, page 21.)

Bruce Rogers was meanwhile at work at the Riverside Press. He designed the Montaigne type, one of the most charming of the copies of Jenson's light roman letter, and later a very similar face, the Centaur. He found at the Riverside Press, the type he named Brimmer which had lain idle for years, and he put it to work. He found fine letters wherever he could and had them cast if necessary for use in his books. Rogers was working as an expressionist, seeking somehow to interpret literature in terms of book design, to create an atmosphere about books through typography.

Updike, at the Merrymount Press, was working in the opposite way, but curiously the results were much the same. Having a book in hand, Updike would set out to print it in a type and typographic style suitable in every way to its literary content. All periods of distinguished typography were sources for these two artists. Bruce Rogers played a more varied tune than did Updike, who found his key principally in eighteenth-century English and French printing and occasionally in

the period of the revival of the Scotch Roman types as used in England in the nineteenth century. But it is not to be supposed that they simply copied styles. Both Rogers and Updike have brought a generous personal contribution to every book they have produced. Their work marks the beginning of period printing, the revival of a number of fine type faces of the past and their use with a knowledge of how they had been handled to advantage in their day.

A general revival of type designs soon followed. The American Typefounders Company produced letters which had been made from Caslon's original punches; they produced a version of a Bodoni, a Baskerville, a Garamond, and even a Scotch Roman. But there was a large fly in this typographic ointment. The fitting of the American castings of Caslon matrices was far from what it should have been. The best Scotch Roman types were allowed to pass out of use. The Baskerville was a rather poor copy of a copy of the original; only the Bodoni and Garamond were fair and neither of these was particularly distinguished. By this time hand composition had dropped into second place in book production in America, though the composing machines, at first, offered an even sadder assortment of book types. But because of the increasing use of machines and the fact that even in hand composition the types that Rogers and Updike had recovered were not easily available to the general printer, they had more admirers than imitators.

In England, Stanley Morison became the prophet for the revival. It was through his influence that the Lanston Monotype Company, Limited (the English organization) instituted a vast program of typographic research and production of revived faces. Out of this activity have come Garamond, Poliphilus, Bladò, Baskerville, and Fournier; each type carefully selected as the characteristic letter of some particular period of printing, and rendered faithfully from the original. This is by far the best collection of revived printing material so far made available to the general printer as well as to him who wishes to do more

special kinds of typography. English printers welcomed it heartily. Under the leadership of Francis Meynell, of the Nonesuch Press, they have opened a richly varied world in period book design. With Poliphilus and Blado they could take the Italian printing of the late fifteenth century as a point of departure; with Garamond and Fournier they could look to the exquisite books of the French sixteenth and eighteenth centuries for inspiration; and with Baskerville, since it had previously been so scarcely used as never to dominate a period of typography, they had a letter suitable to a typographic expression in the spirit of today.

The Lanston Monotype Company, Limited, has recently added Pastonchi, the Centaur, designed by Bruce Rogers, and a new version of an old face, designed by Eric Gill. Each of these is a new type design, though the Centaur is modelled closely after one of Jenson's types.

The Linotype Company in England was not long in following this lead. Their best work began with the appointment of George W. Jones as typographic director. The first designs to come as a result were the Venezia and the Granjon. The latter was derived from the types of Garamond and his contemporaries; and though it possesses little outstanding originality, it is a most beautiful letter which became popular immediately upon its appearance. The Venezia, more of an Italian letter, and of a darker color, has not been so successful. A version of Baskerville is now in preparation, and advance proofs of it indicate that it will have the delicacy and crispness so characteristic of Baskerville's original type. Estienne is another design recently presented, but like Granjon and Venezia it is a composite form, expressive of the best types of its namesake's time rather than a straight adaptation of a single letter.

In the United States, the Lanston Monotype Company took the lead in producing fine and original type designs, with the appointment of Frederic W. Goudy as typographic director. Goudy is doubtless the

most distinguished type designer in the country, and his work with the Monotype was effective at once. He has in almost every case brought some original features to his types. Goudy's sympathy is strongly with the early Italian printers, but he does not believe in adaptation. A penetrating student of printing and letter forms, he has always kept his types definitely related with tradition, though only two or three of them bear a marked resemblance to any letter previously cut. Being original, his types do not readily lend themselves to period typography, which is so popular today, and for that reason they are not so widely used in book work as they might be. But with Kennerley and Goudy Oldstyle he has made contemporary designs with which the feeling of the printing of the Italians may be attained. His importance rests principally upon the fact that he has given the American printers some fifty good types to work with, and if these are not extensively used in book composition they dominate practically every other field of printing. Goudy's contribution has done more to help the general printer in America than that of any other typographic force.

The linotype machine has attained a prominent place in American book composition and it is likely that with improvement it will continue to be of importance to all books but those composed by hand. Until recent years no very distinctive linotype faces were offered, since their designs were made to conform with foundry types with which it was intended they be used. Benedictine Book was the first individual letter made, and it could hardly be called distinguished. But in the past few years the Mergenthaler Linotype Company has allied itself with many important typographic activities in Europe, through the organization of an International Typographic Council. From this connection American printers have obtained the Granjon type as designed under the care of George W. Jones in England, and a version of Garamond after that of the Stemple Foundry in Germany. Through this connection also, the Linotype Baskerville, Estienne, Astree, and

Janson are also due for importation to the benefit of American printers.

It is apparent that the American book designer is at present somewhat hampered by a lack of variety in available good type designs. It is not so much that there are so few good types, but that so many books are being made. Foundry type being negligible, for economical reasons, in general book work, the designer must look to the composing machines for material. While the monotype has a number of fair faces, not all of them are available for automatic composition. Only in England can sizes larger than twelve point be composed on this machine (except at the press of one American printer), and the fine types revived by Stanley Morison in England are not in common use. Though some slight alteration would make certain other monotype faces into excellent book letters, the spirit of co-operation which is reputed to exist in England is not met with in this country. The linotype machine offers only a comparatively small collection of good material: Granjon, Caslon, Bodoni, Scotch Roman, and perhaps one or two other possible letters, obviously a slight range for the typographer when one considers the number of books being manufactured today. The best original type design in America has been most widely used in display advertising rather than in book production.

If we accept the precept that fine type design is the basis of fine printing, we may look forward to brighter days. Frederic W. Goudy's best book types will eventually appear as composition material for the Monotype machine; the English Baskerville, Blado, Poliphilus, Fournier, and the rest cannot remain exclusive forever, and with the typographic resources of Europe opened up, the Linotype machine may be looked to for useful letters in coming years. An announcement of great importance is that W. A. Dwiggins is associated with the Mergenthaler Linotype Company on some informal basis. The arrangement is that the Linotype Company will encourage him in his work and produce the practical results of his experiments with letter design. Here we have

the hope of the production of types designed by an artist who recognizes the need of a fine old-style, a good transitional letter, and a distinguished modern—all expressive, if such a thing is possible, of contemporary feeling in American art. And Dwiggins is a man capable of bringing such an undertaking to a successful conclusion.

The American book designer may thus look forward to a time when he will have a wider field of types with which he may produce the period styles of printing now so popular, and, if he has the urge, express his individuality through the use of types which are more contemporaneous in feeling. It may be hoped that under such favorable conditions American book printing may not be far from the attainment of more distinctly national characteristics.

Page opening (194-195) from Poesie di Michelagniolo Buonarroti, *printed and published by the* Officina Bodoni, *1923. This shows one of Bodoni's original roman types (none has been adequately revived), now in the exclusive possession of the* Officina Bodoni. *(Slightly reduced.)*

Page opening (196-197) from Das Roemische Carneval, *by J. W. Goethe, printed and published by the* Officina Bodoni, *1924. This shows one of Bodoni's original cursive types, now in the exclusive possession of the* Officina Bodoni. *These two examples show how inadequate are any of the present day versions of so-called Bodoni types. (Slightly reduced.)*

SONETTO XIV

Sol perche tuo bellezze al mondo sieno
Eterne al tempo, che le dona e fura,
Credo, sene ripigli la natura
Tucto quel c' ogni giorno a te uien meno

E ſerbi al parto d' un piu largo seno
Con miglior ſorte e con piu strema cura
Per riformar di nuouo una figura
C' abbi 'l tuo uolto angelico e sereno.

De, ſerbi 'l cielo i mie ſospiri ancora
E le lacrime ſparte mie rachoglia
E doni a chi quest' ami un' altra uolta.

Forse a pieta chi nascera 'n quell' ora
La mouera con la mie strema doglia,
Ne ſie persa la gratia, c' or m' è tolta.

SONETTO XV

Ben posson gli ochi mie presso e lontano
Veder, dou' apparisce il tuo bel uolto;
Ma doue loro, ai pie, Donna, è ben tolto
Portar le braccia e l' una e l' altra mano.

L' anima, l' intellecto intero e fano
Per gli ochi ascende piu libero e sciolto
Al' alta tuo belta; ma l' ardor molto
Non dà tal preuilegio al corp' umano,

Graue e mortale, si che mal segue poi
Senz' ali anchor d' un' angiolecta il uolo
E 'l ueder folo pur sene gloria e loda.

De! se tu puo' nel ciel quante tra noi,
Fa' del mie corpo tucto un' ochio folo;
Ne fie poi parte in me che non ti goda.

ein Zeichen gegeben, dass jeder so thöricht und toll sein dürfe, als er wolle, und dass ausser Schlägen und Messerstichen fast alles erlaubt sei. Der Unterschied zwischen Hohen und Niedern scheint einen Augenblick aufgehoben: alles nähert sich einander, jeder nimmt was ihm begegnet leicht auf, und die wechselseitige Frechheit und Freiheit wird durch eine allgemeine gute Laune im Gleichgewicht erhalten.

In diesen Tagen freuet sich der Römer noch zu unsern Zeiten, dass die Geburt Christi das Fest der Saturnalien und seiner Privilegien wohl um einige Wochen verschieben, aber nicht aufheben konnte.

Wir werden uns bemühen, die Freuden und den Taumel dieser Tage vor die Einbildungskraft unserer Leser zu bringen. Auch schmeicheln wir uns, solchen Personen zu dienen, welche dem Römischen Carneval selbst einmal beigewohnt und sich nun mit einer lebhaften Erinnerung jener Zeiten vergnügen mögen; nicht weniger

solchen, welchen jene Reise noch bevorsteht und denen diese wenigen Blätter Uebersicht und Genuss einer überdrängten und vorbeirauschenden Freude verschaffen können.

DER CORSO

Das Römische Carneval versammelt sich in dem Corso. Diese Strasse beschränkt und bestimmt die öffentliche Feierlichkeit dieser Tage. An jedem andern Platz würde es ein ander Fest sein; und wir haben daher vor allen Dingen den Corso zu beschreiben.

Er führt den Namen, wie mehrere lange Strassen italiänischer Städte, von dem Wettrennen der Pferde, womit zu Rom sich jeder Carnevalsabend schliesst, und womit an andern Orten andere Feierlichkeiten, als das Fest eines Schutzpatrons, ein Kirchweihfest, geendigt werden. Die Strasse geht von der Piazza del Popolo schnurgerade bis an den venetianischen Palast. Sie ist ungefähr viertehalbtausend Schritte lang

The Literature of Fine Books and Printing

8

Criticism and propaganda are the stimuli on which an artistic movement thrives. Modern painting, for instance, might never have had international importance without the controversy which raged about it, and contemporary literature draws its very life force from criticism. The artist himself is not the only exponent of important literature, though many artists need the encouragement of praise or the spur of calumny to help them do their best work. The immediate followers of an art, that group whose appreciation comes from its own intelligence, are so few that without the recruiting of amateurs and others, brought in by publicity and discussion, the art could never be widely supported or live for any length of time.

When William Morris presented the first book of the Kelmscott Press, *The Story of the Glittering Plain*, the majority of people, even those of culture and intelligence, had no appreciation of quality in book making. But soon after the establishment of his press, Morris explained his work in a lecture on *The Art and Craft of Printing*, which was later printed as an essay. This was not the first writing to appear on printing art in the late nineteenth century. Other lectures and magazine articles had prepared the way for Morris and his followers.

John Baskerville, long before Morris, realized that his printing was something of an innovation. In the preface of his two-volume Milton,

published in 1758, he set forth the ideals of his art. But English printers of his day were too engrossed with the obvious elegance of Caslon's types to give Baskerville much attention. Dibdin wrote on printing and book collecting after Baskerville; then Johnson, Savage, Southby, and, later still, Humphreys. In fact hardly a score of years passed in England, after Moxon's first study of typography, without the appearance of some substantial comment on the art of printing.

I do not intend to go far back into the literature of fine books, because I am chiefly interested in the writing which has helped to spread knowledge of the subject in our own day. And its scope has been so vast that I could not hope to cover it all, nor even to mention every important contributor. As a matter of fact, I can tell only of the books that served to intensify my own interest in fine printing and helped to clarify my ideas, believing that these have probably served others in the same way.

William Morris is credited with crystallizing the beginnings of a movement for the refinement of printing art. Certainly it cannot be said, in the face of what has happened since, that he did more than that. In his way Morris was a showman; not vulgarly, of course, but he certainly made an exhibition of his principles of art and did not hesitate to expound them for those who did not understand. Moreover, he did not always follow his own ideals exactly. And here he was a showman again, persuading himself, by trying to convince others, that his books were practical and readable, when he must have known that their virtues were of another sort. But though Morris's showmanship amounted to no more than a desire to explain his pleasure in decorating books, it was partially responsible for the influence that his printing had. His style was not original, nor were his ideas of printing. Yet to those who had forgotten what fine printing could be and had slowly accustomed themselves to slovenly books, expecting nothing more, Morris seemed almost a Messiah. To them his work seemed original.

Charles Whittingham, the younger, who brought on a quiet little revival of beautiful printing about forty years before William Morris set up his Kelmscott Press, was no showman. His activity was not accompanied by the blare of publicity and controversy. It was successful and ran its pleasant course, to the joy of the printer, the publisher, and the few people who appreciated it. But without a prophet its effect was not immediate. Morris did indeed found a private-press movement, but the substantial present-day interest in fine books roots from Pickering and the Whittinghams.

Morris's *Essay* brought the very essentials of good printing before a dull public and, by his potent reference to the early printers, he suggested that there was much room in the history of the art for original research. As each newly awakened student formed his conclusions, he wrote them down and published them. Since Morris's *Essay*, the appearance of books, magazine articles, and pamphlets on the subject of printing has been unremitting.

In justice to one or two who preceded him, it cannot be said that Theodore Low DeVinne was the first great American student of typography. But he was an active worker in this field before Morris was ever heard of in connection with printing. He began making notes for his book, *Plain Printing Types*, as early as 1850. If the typography he practiced appears to us to be stilted, it is quite evidently not because he was ignorant of the history of the art. At any rate his series of books called *The Practice of Typography* had some influence on purifying the work of American printers just before the advent of Morris, restraining it from the decline into which it might otherwise have fallen. He covered the study of printing types and type arrangement thoroughly, if without much color, and his books remain today quite indispensable for reference. DeVinne's ideas were not fully in accord with Morris's. He felt that while period printing had an occasional use, its rôle was interpretative and it could never become a realistic means of expression.

He quarreled with Morris on more than one score, but even he realized that Morris's contribution was valuable, although the excitement it caused in the United States in the early years of this century swept away any hope of lasting influence DeVinne might have had.

The activities of D. B. Updike, Bruce Rogers, Frederic W. Goudy, and Carl P. Rollins were not at first accompanied by fanfare. The excellence of their work was soon recognized by a few—but very few; only those printers who had a particular interest in the artistic aspects of their work and the most intelligent and sensitive book-lovers. The whole movement did, indeed, bid fair to become no more powerful than Pickering's had been. Goudy wrote some matter regarding his Village Press ideals, but at first he saw no further than did Morris, and his writings were little more than a restatement of the principles laid down by the great printer.

Updike's work was characterized, from its beginning, by his thoroughness. The feeling for detail that brought forth books carefully composed and meticulously printed prompted the gathering together of a great collection of type specimens and books on printing. Updike was not a collector who sought these books from a spirit of acquisitiveness, trying to make a close bargain on their purchase, caressing them cautiously, sometimes even opening them to fan through the pages, and setting them upon a shelf with a feeling of satisfaction at having obtained copies of such rare items and a pleasant glow at the vision of the price they might some day fetch. No, Updike sought books because of his love of what they contained. No book went to his shelf unopened or unread, for even out of his type specimen books, he read the history of type design through the centuries.

As early as 1911, Updike began to deliver a series of talks at the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University, with the history of letter design as his subject. To his teaching he brought the accumulation of knowledge which had grown out of his

studies. The importance of interpreting the art of printing to a group of intelligent students can readily be realized, and it is to the credit of the directors of the school that they selected so competent a teacher. For five years the lectures continued; and as Updike was not satisfied to let his course become a cut-and-dried affair, repeated in the same terms year after year, he became more of a scholar himself, delving more deeply into printing history and revising his talks each year according to his new discoveries. When he published his book *Printing Types, Their History, Forms, and Use*, six years after the last lecture had been delivered, he acknowledged that further emendations of the lecture papers could be continued almost indefinitely. He stated, however, that he had come to a resting point, and so was publishing the book. It needed no apology. This was the most complete study of the evolution of type design yet to appear, and it represented a tremendous amount of research, presented with no small portion of judgment in inclusions and omissions. Needless to say, the book was received in America and England with enthusiasm and praise. It has formed the indispensable foundation of the study of typography. It proposes no thesis. It is a history pure and simple. Yet it is so well written that it is eminently readable, and the student, upon closing its pages, retains a better impression of what is meant by good printing and good type.

In The Day's Work is Updike's further contribution to the literature of fine printing. Here, with no flamboyance, with no egotism, he sets forth his wholesome principles of work. What *Printing Types* is capable of doing to stimulate an active mind to an understanding of the history of printing art, *In The Day's Work* may do to stimulate a sensitive spirit to better craftsmanship.

Frederic W. Goudy had, in the meantime, developed his personal viewpoint from his beginnings as a student of Morris. He too had collected an enviable working library of books on printing, and he too used these books in the improvement of his work. In his study of these

books his principal interest has been in type designs. By 1917 he had written considerably on the subject, and in that year his first book, *The Alphabet*, was published by Mitchell Kennerley. It contained plates showing each character in capitals and uncials in every major form they have taken since their beginnings. The plates were supplemented by a text explaining the sources of each form of letter and the transition from the broad-pen hand of the scribe to the light-faced roman as perfected by Jenson.

In his second book, *The Elements of Lettering*, Goudy presented another study of the principal type forms in roman and italic. Hand lettering, at that time, was becoming popular, appearing especially in advertising but frequently on the title pages of books. That we had acquired a school of latter-day scribes was not to be denied, but that these were mainly artists who had no sense of the history of their craft was deplorable. Goudy's books brought them a new light upon the matter and the letterers were intelligent enough to use them to their advantage. Hand lettering improved and is now the most important factor in original letter design we have in America.

Goudy, in his work of lettering and designing, was associated with Hal Marchbanks of the Marchbanks Press, and in 1918 suggested to him the publication of a magazine on fine printing. Marchbanks was interested, and they drew up a prospectus. In due course the magazine appeared; it was called *Ars Typographica*. Here was a periodical in distinctive format, gracefully arranged and beautifully printed. It could not fail to have some influence for the betterment of American printing, though its importance was a little dimmed by its lack of original literary material. But I do not infer that what was printed was trivial. Quite the contrary, *Ars Typographica* served to bring the art of printing before a wider audience than it had previously had. The first two numbers of the magazine were distinguished by each presenting the first printing of one of Goudy's new types. The third number, after much

delay for a third new type, was finally printed in Caslon. By this time the war had interrupted creative effort and *Ars Typographica* was one of the valuable artistic endeavors to suffer suspension of publication.

William Morris's star had already begun to wane when the war came to purge English printing of the remaining traces of romanticism. The periodical, *The Imprint*, which began to appear in 1913, was probably the forerunner of the new realistic interpretation. There can be no doubt that its message came too early to reach many enlightened ears. English printing was still somewhat drugged with the endeavors of the private presses and the makers of precious books. But Gerard Meynell, the commanding force of *The Imprint*, represented that rare attribute of intelligence that possesses an admiration of every quality of artistic activity, physical or spiritual. His was a combination of an understanding of the technical details of craftsmanship and a feeling for the practical application of beauty to everyday work. The magazine had two other editors: Ernest Jackson, a writer, and Edward Johnston, who introduced a school of calligraphy that had considerable influence in Germany. But Gerard Meynell's personality dominated the pages. Yet *The Imprint* was not successful, if the number of subscribers is considered; but its nine issues, beginning with January, 1913, and ending with November of the same year, did reach and inspire the small group in England who were most interested in the development of artistic printing, and it had some effect in America as well.

Just as the sack of Mainz, in 1462, caused the art of printing to spread rapidly over Europe, the dissolution of *The Imprint* scattered the four men concerned, and each became active in a separate field of printing. I say "four" because soon after the magazine was established a fourth man, Stanley Morison, became connected with it, the last number bearing the first fruit of his pen, a paper on the printing of liturgical books. Morison continued the study of printing and typography, and later, out of his connection with the Lanston Monotype

Corporation, Limited, has come a revival of typographic styles which indicates the extent of his scholarship soon after the war. He had determined the characteristic fine type of every period of excellence in book printing, and prepared for its competent reproduction. That this effort might not pass without effect, he prepared a substantial volume, called *Four Centuries of Fine Printing*, in which, with a complete survey of good printing and the reproduction of hundreds of examples taken from these periods, he not only made the fine types available but also showed the printer how they had been used in the past. These two accomplishments marked the turning point from the influence of the private press and put the movement for fine books definitely into the hands of more general printers. With the examples of four hundred years of good composition and type arrangement before them, English printers could hardly go wrong, even though their work became eclectic for the same reason. But it would be better to have good period printing than miserable original printing, and real creative effort must actually know of and acknowledge what has gone before.

When Morison presented *Modern Fine Printing* a few years later, its effect was to intensify the movement and to bring its importance home to many more laymen, amateurs and collectors. He prepared a history of the revival and reproduced a number of examples from the books of the most important artists. Just as *Four Centuries* was the first extensive survey of the history of printing art, with a wider and more intelligent selection of reproductions than had formerly appeared, so *Modern Fine Printing* was the first complete collection of contemporary specimens.

With these monumental volumes out of hand, Morison's work was just started. The two volumes on the history of printing art had been made in limited editions, and their price was high. So he collected many of the best examples from *Four Centuries*, adding others as well, and reproduced them in a book called *The Art of The Printer*, published

later in a regular edition and at a price within the reach of students.

Francis Meynell, a moving figure in latterday typography, was not inarticulate, for, beside the personal expression of ideals set forth in the announcement of The Romney Street Press, he prepared a very pleasant book entitled *Typography*, which was published in 1923 by The Pelican Press. There can be no doubt that the principal intention of this book was to publicize the work of The Pelican Press; indeed, it made no other pretension. But every note of historical detail it expounds (and Meynell's ideas are quite refreshing) is interesting; and every principle of good printing it mentions is substantial. On the whole the book is both a useful and inspiring reference work for anyone interested in typography.

Oliver Simon started the publication of *The Fleuron, a Journal of Typography*, in 1923. Stanley Morison was active in its preparation from the first and, with Francis Meynell as collaborator, contributed an article on printers' flowers to the first number. Nor has any subsequent issue appeared without something from his pen. The first four numbers were most competently edited by Oliver Simon but, with the fifth, Morison took over the editorship. With Number Seven Morison is bringing the work of this important periodical to a close. Its record may be looked upon with just pride by those concerned in its production. In the six years of its life, it has published many learned studies of printing, lettering, and typography, and it has thoroughly covered the progress of the movement during the present period, with papers on many of the important contemporaries. A paragraph seems short praise for so distinguished an accomplishment, but the story of its influence is just beginning to be evident in the work of the younger group of printing artists. A more extensive account must await a later day.

In the meantime Stanley Morison has been engaged in a prodigious amount of work on the history of printing art. With Holbrook Jackson as collaborator he published, in 1923, *A Brief Survey of Printing History*

and Practice, a slight book but a thorough outline. This was made the beginning of a series which Morison carried on alone. The two subsequent volumes in the same format: *Type Designs of the Past and Present*, traced the history of this department of printing and was published in 1926, a year later *A Review of Recent Typography in the United States, France, and Germany*, appeared, rounding out a veritable collection of primers of fine printing.

I cannot say that important writing on printing ends in England with Morison, nor in America with Updike. The past decade has seen an unprecedented number of studies in typography and criticisms of printing, proving that interest is more general now than it has ever been before. Goudy has added to his contribution with papers that have appeared in magazines. George Parker Winship, Ernest D. Roth, Thomas Cleland, Frederic F. Sherman, and W. A. Dwiggins are others who have produced original articles, published in magazines or books. Dwiggins heralded the use of Caslon's printers' flowers in 1913 in a charming essay printed in pamphlet form and, had it had a wider circulation, his pamphlet entitled *Extracts from an Investigation into the Physical Aspects of Books*, published by The Society of Calligraphers in 1919, would have had an immense effect upon the printing of many books. The various American printing magazines have always been devoted chiefly to commercial and advertising printing. Bruce Rogers, who might have been expected to elucidate, has broken his silence only once with a paper that was printed in *The London Times Printing Supplement* in 1912 or 1913. The books of William Dana Orcutt cannot be overlooked, for while they present no profound study of the history of printing, they are quite pleasantly readable in relation to the movement. Finally, the cleverly written essays and books of Paul Beujon, which have appeared almost exclusively in England, are notable and of considerable importance.

Certain critics and historians direct the course of an art, for it must

be admitted that the vast majority of artificers are followers. Yet even great artists, the force of whose creative expressions cannot be denied, are sometimes in need of just the enlightenment which some scholar, who is merely interested for the sake of making discoveries, may be able to offer. The books I have named, while they are not all that have been written during the period under consideration, nor even the only important ones, have unquestionably been invaluable in the advancement of the movement for artistic printing and fine books.

Modernism in Types and Typographic Style

9

WHILE modernism is infecting almost every form of decorative art, it may be difficult to understand why it has taken so slight a hold upon book design. The reason is suggested by the fact that book design is not so much a decorative art as it is an abstract, interpretative one. Books are made to be read, and typography in their design can be no more than a subtle added charm to the literary substance. If it is so striking as to command attention of its own accord, it fails in its purpose. The design must invite the reader and, in the hands of a really great artist, it can create an atmosphere or give the sensitive reader a feeling of sympathy for the particular book he holds. But when these ends are accomplished it must, like a toastmaster who has introduced a speaker, take a back seat.

Design in a printed book is accomplished by the competent assembling of a number of elements. There is the type from which the book is to be printed to be composed into words and lines. Chapter openings and their endings must be planned. A title page must be designed. A paper must be selected. A binding must be arranged and possibly a jacket printed. If modernism is simply the adaptation of machinery for the handling of the various details of construction, we have had it for a decade or more. In practically all books now printed, types are cast by machinery and composed at the same time; the book is printed

on large automatic presses; the paper is machine made; the binding materials and the operations of binding come through machinery; hand work is minimized. But if this is modernism, it is certainly not modern art. Book makers are just now beginning to realize that to have an art in their product they must use their machines as the early printers used hand presses; they must master them. And even when this is done the art is not attained if the finished work lacks that touch of design which gives the book its beauty. And this cannot be present unless an artist, experienced in the details and possessing a feeling for them as a medium of expression, makes his contribution to it. It is for him to select every small item which goes to make the book; to determine what type, drawings, etc., are to be used, and on what kind of a press the book is to be printed. Upon his experience, his knowledge of the possibilities of his tools and materials, depend the result of his work. And I must repeat that this art in book design is as subtle, as elusive, as difficult to come by, as that in painting, music or literature.

When the printers of the fifteenth century laid down the forms of roman letters and the precepts for their arrangement into pages of text, they did so good a job that for four centuries their essentials have gone unchallenged. Now, with the coming of modernism, we still find it practically impossible to break away from tradition entirely. Latter-day type designers, instead of trying to create letters reflective of the spirit of our own age, have spent their time in digging into the past and reviving the fine forms of the letters of the early printers. So book artists, for better or worse, are left with only these types, and the so-called "modern" types introduced in the eighteenth century, which are essentially the same letter forms. With half a hundred or more excellent survivals and revivals of type designs, it is questionable whether new ones are needed. Readability must be considered. Any radical change of the form of individual letters would be immediately apparent to the reader, and if the new characteristics were awfully

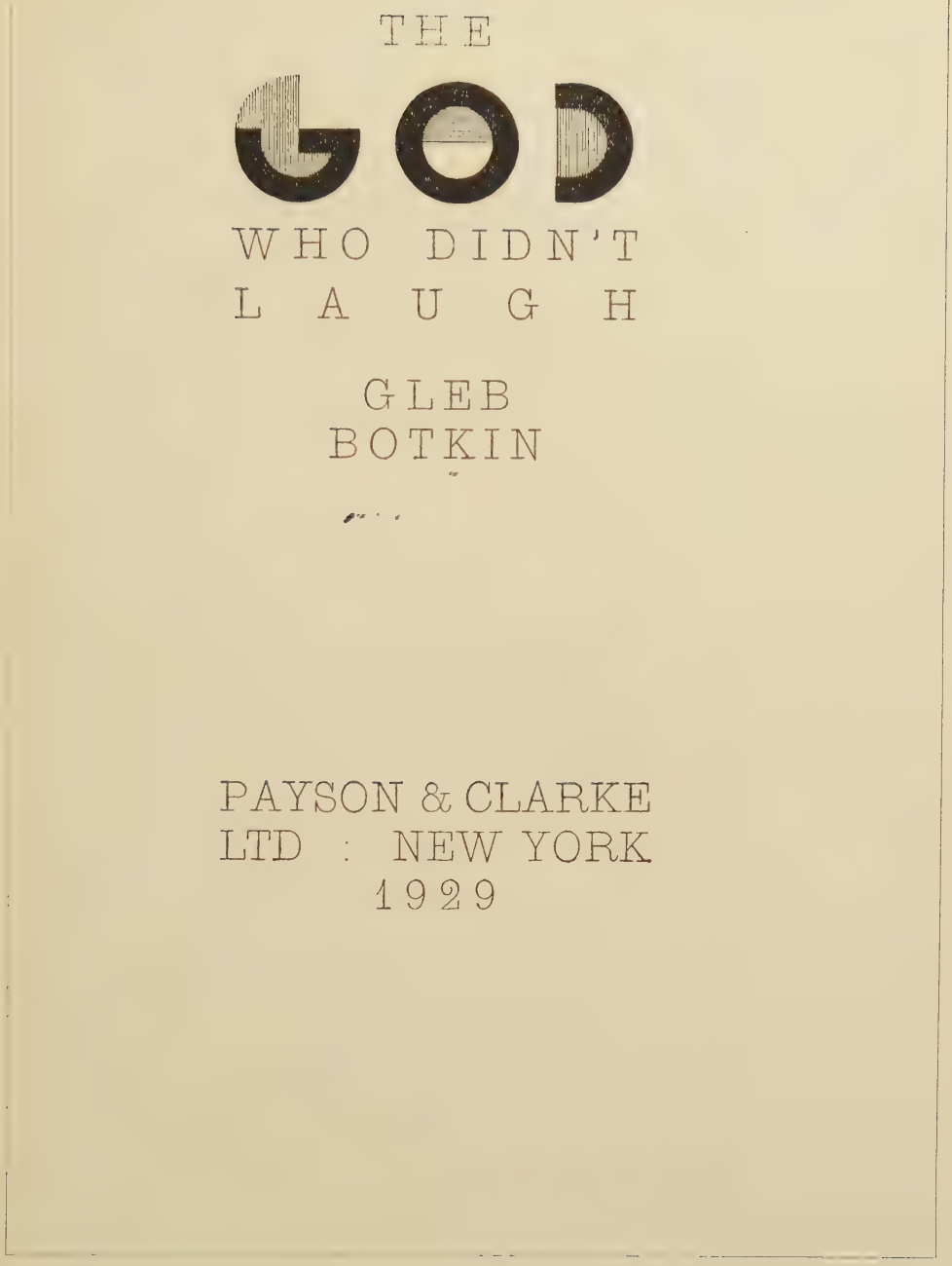
fresh, they might be too intrusive and distracting. While there is some small opportunity for legible new types which will give fresh effects when composed in mass, the fact that the need for them is slight is aptly evident in the work of the really competent book designers who have produced artistic and sometimes modern effects with what we already have at hand.

Printing type, in the art of the book, may be said to be analogous with color in the art of painting. Each printer has the same wide range of letter designs from which to make a selection, just as each painter has the same wide range of colors. As through the arrangement of colors upon his canvas, the painter secures his artistic expression, so with the arrangement of types, the printer strives for his. But here the parallel ends. For while the painter is generally free to follow his fancy in making his forms in color, the printer is bound to confine himself to certain formal or traditional arrangements in his pages of text. Subtle variations of proportion may, indeed, be introduced. The type may be large, or small, for the width of its set and the depth of the page. The leading (white space between the lines) may be unusual; the margins may be slightly adjusted to produce a new effect. But the pages can be no more than two columns of type in mass, framed by their margins. Any exciting innovations in the type pages of a book are obvious at once, perhaps affected, and too often annoying.

But with chapter headings, initial letters, title pages, bindings, and jackets, the designer has more freedom. The last three are, in fact, the first the reader sees, and therefore most important. Here decoration may be introduced and if the text will allow modernism, this is the place for it. The early books were decorated by hand, and some of the primitives are quite in the character of modern work. What could be better for the embellishment of modern books than hand drawn decorations, reproduced through line engravings? When the practice of illumination passed out, printers' flowers were introduced for use in

book decoration. These are the quaint, repeated decorative units, cast as type, which were at first simply made up into borders and head bands. There is unlimited opportunity for modernizing printers' flowers, but in the United States these possibilities have been generally overlooked. The American printer must again make the best of the revival of traditional forms. Yet through original combinations of this material, and a rare deftness in handling it, some few artists have been able to produce new and charming effects despite the traditional limitations of the material.

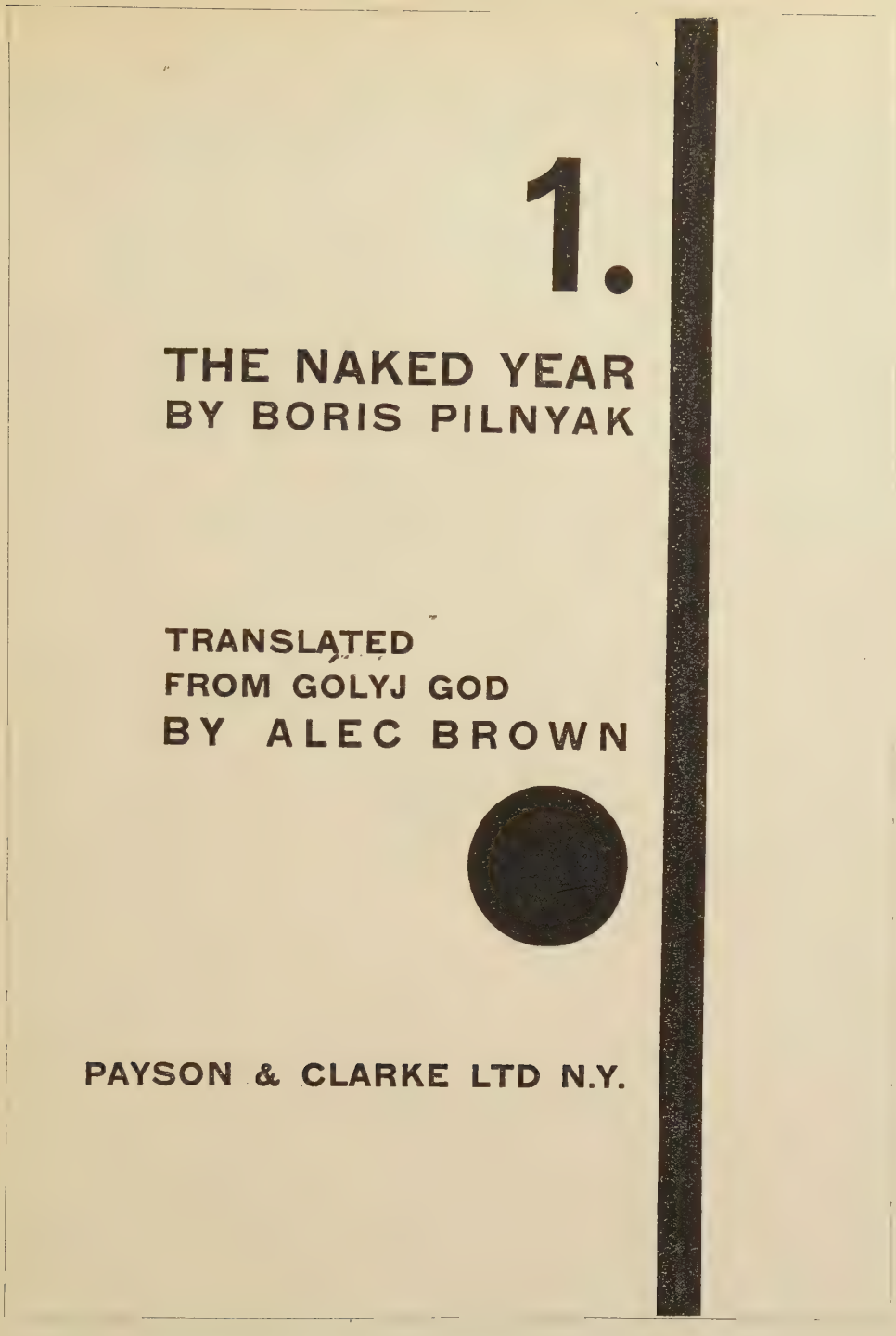
The possibility for modernism in book design rests upon literature as much as it does upon technical details, such as typography. Most contemporary "fine book" enterprises have confined their efforts to reprinting literary works of substantial reputation. Sometimes these books are so purely representative of the age in which they were written that little can be done toward giving them a modern design. They are, indeed, now produced through highly developed machinery, whereas their early editions were probably printed upon crude hand presses. The modern edition, therefore, has some claim to present day feeling in the interpretation of the design. But the most successful reprints of early literary works are those which bear at least some small marks of their period, though they may have some spontaneous touches of our own. It should be apparent that modernism in book design is more effective when applied to contemporary literature. It is from the general publisher of our own day, whose business it is to serve up the work of modern writers, that we should expect the encouragement of modernism in book design. As I have intimated, publishers have followed modernism to the extent of utilizing every available machine to cheapen the production of their books; but they have not gone much further and taken a very active part in the promotion of a sincere expression of contemporary design through the use of these machines. There are exceptions, but superficiality is far too general.



Title page designed in the office of the publisher—a comparatively conservative arrangement of unusual types.

The graphic arts in America have taken a substantial step forward in recent years. I can only wonder why drawings by such artists as Pamela Bianco, George Biddle, Louis Bouche, George Bateman, Peggy Bacon, Alexander Brook, Adolph Dehn, Ernest Fiene, Emil Ganso, Marsden Hartley, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Charles Sheeler, to mention a few names of a list that could be extended to a hundred or more, are not used to enliven the pages of modern books of fiction and biography. Many authors have lately developed a realistic style in the handling of their work, which invites the companionship of abstract and modern drawings, such as these artists are capable of making. A word may be added regarding book illustration; it is time that pictures which merely represent incidents or characters in the story were abolished. Art in illustration demands more than that. There must be an abstract harmony of feeling with the literary character of the book. Illustration must be used to intensify the author's effect. The illustrator, then, must be an artist of keen sensibility. He must be able to penetrate the writer's purpose, find himself in sympathy with it, and add some force to it. To this end, it seems to me, the work of many contemporary graphic artists is eminently suitable. The purpose of book design is not fulfilled, however, until the designer has placed these drawings comfortably where they belong in the book. They must have a technical relation with the typography.

For half a dozen reasons, as we may readily see, most of the efforts made to establish a connection between modernism and book design have been of little consequence. But in practically every case the chief cause of failure is either that the designer has not a sufficient understanding of his problem or that his effort has not been sincere. Lacking the background of substantial typographic study, the amateur has attempted to obtain a modernistic effect at the expense of intelligence. Shoddy extremes are brought into play, and materials are used which reflect nothing but bad taste. If a fundamental knowledge of the art



Title page designed in the office of the publisher. This is a "modernistic" arrangement of a type revived from that horrible typographic period, the latter half of the nineteenth century.

of painting is necessary before a modern canvas should be attempted, familiarity with the traditions of the art is even more essential in printing. The eclectic will attempt to copy his contemporaries in advertising, an art without tradition. He will seek the bizarre, the new, the striking; but he usually obtains the absurd. Freakish types or sober ones, scattered senselessly over pages; printers' flowers, planted in unexpected places; distorted margins and forced effects cannot be excused under the cloak of modernism. Modernism is no more than the contemporary expression of an artist, familiar with the elements of book making and having the ability to use them continually to their best advantage. The modern book must take its place comfortably beside the traditional one. They are both books; they must be readable. The new one must possess all the artistic traits of the old and, in addition, some distinctly fresh characteristic which denotes that it is a product of today.

A title page drawn by W. A. Dwiggins. *Though the letter has certain similarity to a sixteenth-century Italian cursive script, we may look upon this as a purely contemporary expression of arrangement of words and decorations.* (*In the original the artist's mark is in vermilion.*)

22

printers' marks and seals designed or redrawn by W. A. Dwiggins

1929

WILLIAM EDWIN RUDGE

NEW YORK

Title page designed by W. A. Dwiggins. *Another demonstration of the purely contemporary in word arrangement.*

Page opening (220-221) from Primitives, *by* Max Weber, *with illustrations by the author, designed by* Joseph Blumenthal, *and printed and published by the* Spiral Press, *New York, 1926. (In the original the woodcut is in brown.)*

Elizabeth and Essex

By LYTTON STRACHEY

NEW YORK: CROSBY GAIGE
LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS
1928

FIGURES OF THOLUS

Ye godly headless figures of Greece,
Though thy form is in part destroyed,
Is then thy breath of Athens' days ended?
And art thou scattered and strewn on the tide of time?
Speak, oh ye white shadows of the past,
With limbs and torsos draped in grace,
In serenity and nobility in the kingdom of art.
Oh lyrical, graceful, and excellent forms—
Static in place, and mobile in space,
Silenced and hidden wert thou,
But thou art, as thou hast always been.
Tholus,—
Though thy temples are in part destroyed,
And thy palaces and arenas down-worn by time,—
Space might have frozen about thy forms,
And left us the moulds thy past to rebuild,
And make us part of thee,—Tholus.
Speak thou silent mouths of Greece,
Move thy limbs and heads and torsos superb,
Let us see and here more of your all!
Stir, move, breathe,—

Fine Books and the Pleasures of Collecting

10

Possibly the saddest outcome of any art movement is its exploitation by those interested only in its possibilities for quick money returns and flash-pan notoriety. Book making, as an art, far from escaping this plight, has fallen into it most lamentably. The dividing line between the real and the ephemeral in art is always hard to determine exactly, and no opinion can be absolutely infallible. But here is an issue in modern publishing that must be faced.

Aside from the serious efforts of men who have a sincere interest in literature, there are a number of mountebanks in the field of publishing who have jumped to the conclusion that there is a "collector market" for new and "fine" books and who are out to work this supposed market for all it is worth. It is almost unbelievable that certain respected publishers have been offenders of this sort in the past. But it is to the honor of the fraternity that they are becoming fewer, rather than greater, in number. Yet the very ringleaders, who would prostitute a real appreciation for good literature and nicely printed books for the sake of filling their purses, are, indeed, otherwise reputable publishers whose daily work of presenting contemporary literature is actually of great importance. They have, it seems, taken on "limited editions" as a side line.

The legend of the "collector market" has grown out of the extensive

practice of collecting first editions of contemporary authors. Some publishers see books, published a few years ago at a couple of dollars, selling now for as many hundreds, possibly, and imagine they are losing money that is justly theirs.

Over a period of years the plan of the "limited edition" has gradually developed. Few books by well-known writers appear these days without the extra line: "Of the first edition of this book, 250 copies (or perhaps as many as 2500) have been printed upon such and such a paper, bound in such and such fashion, signed by the author (or someone), numbered, etc., etc." These copies are for sale at any price greater than three times that of the ordinary edition, and curiously enough, to some extent, they sell.

A few years ago a well-known publisher, sitting at the head of his conference table, said: "Last season our salesmen made up a list of bookshops which agreed to take from one to five copies of any signed limited editions of the books of our best authors. There were some three hundred names on that list. Now we must take advantage of that." And for a while he published his books in three or four different formats each, so that the buyer might take his choice of the style he preferred. If the buyer were an avid collector, of course, he might buy all of them.

If my readers are not hyper-aesthetic I may be allowed to compare the art of book making with the art of painting, but I might point out that the art of book making begins with the literary part, the manuscript. The painter works constantly and exhibits frequently, but he sells work rarely. He should be happy if, after ten years of unremitting effort and of taking prodigious advantage of every chance to get his work before an audience, he is able to sell enough of it at a fair price to yield him a frugally comfortable income. After his death—and not always so soon after it that his immediate heirs may benefit by it—his paintings may command enormous prices. Other men may profit, or

even fatten upon the proceeds of his work, but rarely, no matter how popular he becomes, is the painter able to command a great amount of money. It would be marvelous for him if he could anticipate the collection value of his work. Paintings he would be glad to dispose of at a hundred dollars or two, might be sold at thousands, if he could only persuade the collectors that his work is permanent. But collectors are wary! They must be sure, before they make a purchase, that it is not to be worthless in a few years, or a few centuries. So the painter struggles along, living in meanness upon the pittance he is able to gain from the patronage of those few who have a real admiration for his work, and they, worse luck, are those who can pay the least for it.

The art of book making is different. The sudden success of one book may enable the publisher and author to anticipate the collector value of the future books they produce, and the practice of making "collectors' authors" has, until recently, met with a disgraceful success. There is no justification of the general publisher's entrance into the precious edition field of book making or book selling. If he is ambitious to have his books sought by collectors he will come nearer to making them so by finding his place as a commercial publisher. Collector's items cannot be made–they come into being because of their inherent living qualities. At best, the publisher can only be an imitator in precious edition work, and his imitations, because of economic necessity, must always be superficial.

The psychology of book collecting is difficult to explain and quite a little beyond my limited experience. It may be ascribed, I have heard, to a desire to satisfy the ego, to be exclusive, to have something that everyone else cannot have. This may be true, but even if the feeling for book collecting is all vanity I am afraid it is only a very common human quality. I believe there are many amateurs, as well as collectors, who have a love of literature, and some of them are even sensitive enough to appreciate having it attractively served. If we deny this

reasoning we must abandon our respect for art entirely. The success of the limited editions, signed, as such, is obviously dependent upon the newly-intelligent. They are the only ones who believe that a book can be fine because it is expensive. The collectors and real lovers of books are not so easily fooled.

I know of at least one publisher who has heard just how a collector-victim feels about being exploited in the fashion that I have been talking about. The case was the publication of a new book by a well-known lady poet, in three forms. Each, to some collectors, could be considered a part of the first edition. The purchaser could have his choice: (1) Printed on large rag paper, signed by the author, numbered, and limited to 750 copies at $25.00; (2) Special paper, limited to 1500 numbered copies, not signed, at $15.00; (3) Ordinary, unlimited, at $2.50. Or he could buy all of them and have a copy of each issue of the first edition. Exhibit A:

So and So, Publishers, (*Date*)

New York,

Dear Sirs,

May I draw your attention to my recent purchase of the "limited" signed edition of ----------'s----------, for which I paid $25.00. I placed my order for this book in advance, buying it sight unseen but expecting a beautifully printed, handsomely bound book at that price. Now that it is in my hands I must say that I am very much disappointed with it. So far as I can see, it has no more intrinsic value than the ordinary edition which sells at a tenth the price.

May I ask if you really consider the book worth $25.00? If you do will you kindly explain to me just what there is about it that should, in your opinion, command such a price. I can only add that it is an incident such as this that takes much of the joy out of book collecting.

Yours very truly,

So and So.

Exhibit B. Reply from the publisher:

Dear Sir,

We regret to hear that you are disappointed with your purchase of our limited edition of ----------'s ----------. If the pages have not been cut, you may return the book to your bookseller, or to us, and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Yours very truly,

(Rubber Stamp) So and So, Publishers.

There can be no excuse for the publisher. Yet it is a well-known New York firm of oh how impeccable a standing. The publisher is quaintly indifferent to the collector's troubles. He replies, with merciless irony, that if the customer is not satisfied he may have his money back. What! Return the book and break up a collection of firsts! But despite the fact that it is a first edition, and despite the fact that the collector must know he could probably sell the book at a profit at any time, he is disappointed because the book does not come up to his ideal of fine book making.

It speaks well for the art of book making that it is able to withstand such handicaps. Some fear has been felt that substantial work will suffer and that superficiality, triumphing in the end, will be the death of the movement for fine books. But I cannot subscribe to such beliefs. The prospects seem to me to be bright, because the foundations are well laid, and "limited editions" and such frippery are, as a good friend of mine has aptly put it, but the milestones, or steps, by which the movement progresses.

That there is speculation in books goes unquestioned, but this usually happens before the books reach the collector. I do not wish to intimate that collectors do not speculate. They do indeed; to some of them it is part of the game. The keen trader will know when to buy Thomas Hardy, or H. G. Wells, or Rockwell Kent, and just when to sell Galsworthy, or George Bernard Shaw, or Bruce Rogers. If times are hard,

in fact, speculation in books is not so lively. The buying of any form of art drops off when there is trouble in the stock market. But collecting goes on regardless. Books are either dead or alive. If they are dead they are soon forgotten, and though some clever critics have sometimes been able to bring about a temporary resurrection, they often remain in oblivion. But if a book is alive it lives forever. Copies will come and go and editions will be printed and reprinted again and again. Some of the issues may be very scarce, some may be shabby, but there will always be those who carefully guard living literature from obliteration.

There is not so much speculation in finely printed books as we might be led to suppose. The real collector is essentially interested in literature. Only when fine printing appears in connection with a book of literary value does it command his immediate attention. There are certainly some who appreciate and buy books simply because of their beauty, but these are very few. They are only those interested in art, especially in graphic art. They have come to recognize book design as a part of their field of appreciation. They rarely speculate. They buy books because they admire them and these go to their shelves to remain there probably throughout a lifetime. To such a collector the library becomes almost a part of himself. If a time of stress were to come, and it were necessary to sell some possession to raise money, his books would be the last things considered. He might not even know that he could realize ten, twenty, or even fifty times as much as he paid for some of them, but even if he did, it would make little difference. He would probably become a pauper before he would think of selling his books.

As for large paper, signed, limited editions, they are rapidly headed for the oblivion that now hides the "sets, beautifully bound in quarter leather, illustrated with mezzotints" of the 1890's. Intelligent collectors have ignored them from the first, and when the superficial amateur turns back to postage stamps or cigarette pictures, which are

much less expensive, or what not, these sumptuous tomes will lie dusty upon the shop shelves. The publishing of them cannot continue in the face of an unfavorable economic situation. The books must inevitably become a drug upon the market. The practice will go. And limited editions of books of no literary merit, no matter how exquisitely executed–those books made for their physical beauty alone–are quite likely to suffer serious hardships. The real artists who have come to book making are few. They could be counted on one's fingers. The rest are followers and imitators. The number of imitators of Bruce Rogers, for instance, is far greater than the number of artists whose work may be classed with that of Rogers. The artist produces an inevitable effect from his materials and problems. The eclectic follower may force something striking, garish often as not, always self-conscious, but only a weak semblance of the real thing. The imitators of Rogers and Updike will be forgotten in the years to come, as the imitators of William Morris are forgotten now.

I do not pretend to be infallible. Years from now the large paper, signed, limited editions may command prices of five figures. The books of every would-be typographer may be avidly gathered at any price. Yet I wouldn't advise speculation in books. There is too big a chance of a crash in the market when one cannot sell quickly enough. Not a general crash but in just one author, perhaps. We are not able to say just which books of our contemporaries are made of living substance. The book speculator is taking a great chance. As far as I can see, the only happiness to be derived from book collecting is that of having copies of books one either takes pleasure in reading or enjoys for the same reason that he might care to have an etching, a lithograph, drawing, or a painting.

Fine Books, Readers, and Book Collectors

II

THE increase of books on fine printing and the rapid additions to the ranks of those whose avowed purpose is to produce fine books indicates the growing general interest in the art of book making. D. B. Updike's *Printing Types, Their History, Forms and Use*, is now in its third printing, and the past few years have witnessed the successful publication of half a dozen books on printing or the physical aspect of books. Many new typographic enterprises have recently entered the field: Random House, Walter V. McKee, Crosby Gaige (now the Fountain Press), Doubleday, Doran, Rimington & Hooper and the Limited Editions Club, to mention a few.

Consider the various differences in the way each approaches the work. Random House publishes first editions and reprintings of finely printed books and distributes the books produced by various American and European private presses. Walter V. McKee covers a similar ground but with less publishing of his own. The Fountain Press steps in between author and publisher and presents a limited first edition of the cream of English and American literature in books printed by America's distinguished artists. Doubleday, Doran made finely printed limited editions of new books as well as reprints, while Rimington and Hooper concentrate more on reprints. Finally, the Limited Editions Club sells books by yearly subscription, and these are printed by some

of the best American printers. The success of these enterprises indicates that now there are a great number of people all quite definitely interested in first editions, or finely printed books, or both.

These are all more or less precious edition makers, and we must admit that the appreciation of artistic design in book making is still confined to a limited, though ever growing, group of people. But this group is growing slowly because the fine, limited editions are so high in price rather than because there is a dearth of appreciation of good work. The phenomenal success of the Nonesuch Press books in America as well as in England may be ascribed to the fact that they have always been so reasonably priced in view of their quality. It is the work of such an enterprise as this that will popularize fine book making, raise the taste of book buyers, and eventually bring about a complete realization of the possibilities of the art.

Movement, activity, progression, these are essential to any art and will always be. There must be constantly new problems for the artist to attack, new points to gain. In the field of the art of the book, the production of limited editions has nearly reached exhaustion. There are, on the one hand, many legitimate artists making books of substantial merit and, on the other, mountebanks, whose chief interest is to get the buyer's money, and whose books are mainly superficial. Nevertheless, the collectors, book-lovers, and even the amateurs are undoubtedly harassed and becoming jaded. Half the joy of their hobby is the pursuit of fine things; their reaction to having things thrust upon them can easily be imagined. Art in books must either expand and enter more into the field of general publishing or become stagnant and expire.

There is every reason to believe that it will remain healthy. Book publishers in general, under the influence of the fine presses, have for the past few years made considerable endeavor toward the improvement of their work, but the lack of more rapid progress is due chiefly

to a misunderstanding of their problem. Thus their activities have been too much toward imitating the fine presses, rather than toward the discovery of a firm basis of design from the elements of book construction they have at their command. When they become aware of these facts their work will reveal their intention to a much greater advantage.

Fine books are too exceptional today; they are produced with too much display. This was not so in the fifteenth century, when book publishing and printing were both in their infancy. Fine books were the rule then, simply because publishers were also printers. They were learned men as well. Their love of literature prompted their enterprise, and they were not ignorant of the arts of their time. There must have been some pride in their work or the terrific demands of competition kept up the high level of quality. They could not allow slovenly books to come from their hands because they simply could not dispose of them. Now publishing is in its heyday. Publishing businesses are so large that it is impossible for one man to control all the details of the work. Publishers have usually relied upon their printers to supply quality in their books. And they, concentrating on producing quantities of books quickly and cheaply, have usually rather sadly fallen down on the details of design. Whenever some quality appears in a publisher's book we may know that some capable typographer is associated with its production. This is true of the Nonesuch Press, whose books are designed by Francis Meynell; The Golden Cockerel Press, with Robert Gibbings; and Random House, where Elmer Adler supervises the typography. In each case, the designer is not only possessed of considerable technical and typographical ability, but there is also a feeling for literature and an appreciation of its quality. The Fountain Press had the good taste to delegate the design of its books to the best of American typographers, and Alfred A. Knopf has done this with some few of his books. This latter publisher is, indeed, the American pioneer

in the field of producing fine books in general publishing work, and he has often had a typographer of some ability employed in his office.

What does all this mean to the general reader? A comparison with the reader of the fifteenth century may be advisable. In those early days the proportion of readers to general population was much smaller than it is now. Only the learned few could read, and they were exacting in their demands upon printer and publisher because their taste was the highest of the time. They had been reading books in manuscript before the press was invented and, in order to obtain a sale for his books, the printer had to equal the beauty of the calligraphic art, if such a thing were possible.

Today conditions are reversed. The vast majority of people can read, and the few who appreciate the physical, shall I say, condiment of books, are those whose taste is much higher than the average, and they are therefore the minority. But people who *buy* books are another group, separable from those who simply read. They cannot fail to feel the activities in the arts of typography and book design. Being intelligent, they will gradually become more aware of it and more exacting in their desire for fine books. When the publisher of today gives some definite attention to the beauty of his issues, it is not alone for the satisfaction of the few who will be immediately appreciative of his effort, it is also to foster the increase of appreciation from all book buyers.

In order to accomplish his purpose the publisher must re-attain the position he had in the fifteenth century. If it is impossible for him to act as printing designer himself, he must maintain a capable typographer within his organization or patronize printers who have such men. When he does this there will be a wholesale and widespread revival of an art in books and it will be hailed and talked about. But when fine books become the usual thing, when they are simply taken for granted, the millennium will be reached. Little will be said about typography then, the art will have come into its own.

Fine Books, Precious, and Limited Editions

12

WHAT a pity it is that William Morris's books appeared as limited editions. The phrase "limited editions" was actually never used in his announcements, but because he stated the number of copies he printed of each book, it was assumed that they were "limited" editions. This has caused endless confusion and misunderstanding which may never be entirely cleared up.

William Morris's whole purpose was to produce finely printed and beautiful books, and he did not care how many copies he printed; to have made one perfect copy would have satisfied him, I think. There was no commercial consideration whatever. But it is an essential of printing books that they be made in some quantity, and by making a number of copies and selling some of them the artist may find some opportunity of compensating himself for the money he spends for his materials, if not for the time and labor he gives to the work.

When the charm of Morris's books was first appreciated, probably more people wanted copies than were able to obtain them. A few, indeed, admired the art in Morris's work, but the majority felt that some intellectual superiority was to be derived from owning them and showing them off, whether they understood them or not. Their friends had them, and they must also have them, at any price. And of course there were philistines who speculated in this new art. Thus Morris's work

became confused with the limited editions business, but this was obviously far from his intention.

When he discovered that a number of people wanted his books, Morris printed more copies in each edition, for he was not reluctant to please more of his admirers. When, after announcing that a certain number of copies of a certain edition would be printed, he found that there was a greater demand for the book than he had anticipated, he simply increased the edition by a hundred copies or more. This would have been heresy to a limited editions publisher. But Morris still had no commercial sense. To produce books as he did was a costly pastime. He had no hope of deriving a large profit from their sale. Nonetheless, it would be folly to spend so much money and time in the printing of hundreds of books merely to give them away. So he put a price upon them. Yet almost invariably more people wanted books than had reserved copies in advance of publication and, as the booksellers sanguinely remarked, they soon commanded a "substantial premium." The demand seemed to advance with the price; and certain folk among the remains of the Victorians felt they must have them, no matter what the premium. But it was chiefly snobbery. It is not to be supposed for a moment that everyone who bought Morris's books was capable of understanding them. Only a few of the purchasers even sincerely admired them, I believe, and fewer still expected to read them.

So the limited editions business derives its greatest life force from snobbery. It has no definite connection with fine book making even though many fine books are made in limited editions. The fact that William Morris made such remarkably beautiful books and introduced a style in printing them which inspired wide research into the history of the art of printing, the result of which is our modern movement for fine books, has nothing to do with his making limited editions. Had he printed hundreds of thousands of copies of his books, and done them as well, their importance would have been no less. Nor can it diminish

their importance that some of them were purchased by snobs whose only intention was to pretend to an appreciation which they did not possess. Such snobs support the present-day fad for limited editions, but they cannot endanger the activity in the field of fine book making.

I do not gainsay the growth of a real appreciation for fine books. But I believe that if the movement is to be of considerable value, its trend should be away from limited editions. Consider the subject matter chosen for reprinting by the so-called "private presses." *Gulliver's Travels*, for instance, already published a few years ago in two excellent volumes by the Golden Cockerel Press in England, is lately announced by two other enterprises. *The Sentimental Journey*, the works of Chaucer, the *Book of Ruth*, Voltaire's *Zadig*, the *Apocrypha*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, are but a few of the titles which have recently been issued in more or less fine editions from two, three, or four different sources. While there is certainly no dearth of untouched literary material worthy of reprinting in the form of artistic books, it is obvious that the private presses and limited editions firms have favored certain English classics far too much. When the different makers of fine books come to a point of printing the same titles over and over again, the natural suggestion is that they ought to turn their attention to contemporary literature. And to look upon the physical aspect of the books of our best writers of today is to realize at once that there is room for vast improvement in their design. Then, too, it should be obvious that there would be more vitality in an activity concerned with contemporary letters and contemporary book design than in one devoted exclusively to the reprinting of books of another period.

There can be little doubt that the heyday of the private press is passing. The productions of some of these concerns have served the movement for fine books in a most valuable way, but we cannot escape the fact that the substantial portions of their ideas and ideals are becoming more and more the property of printers and publishers who

pretend to less preciosity. The very character of the person who undertakes a fine private press is that of the idealistic artist, but it is commonly tainted with dilettantism. "I am going to make books the way *I* think they should be made." ("Cost, appreciation, sale, literature, art, everything be damned except my ideals!") If the ideals happen to be good that is well enough; but Morris himself was an example of an idealist who could not follow his own precepts exactly. The essence of the private press is romanticism–an escape from the realities of printing developments, and possibly from the rigors of commercial publishing. But our times have brought out a more sincere philosophy, and realists who not only acknowledge the possibility of an art through machinery but have also a new conception of the service book design must pay to literature, are coming into the field.

While the limited editions business is progressing rapidly toward an inevitable reaction, it is for the general publishers to lay a more solid foundation for the fine books movement. Partly through publicity, book buyers are becoming more and more aware of the design of books. And in the hands of certain men in publishers' offices and in book factories, book design, while still much too superficial, is impressive because it is so much better than the sad work we have had in the past. It has not only the attention of those interested in the physical properties of books, but laymen who are not even collectors and buy books merely to read–have become aware of the change. When the general publisher attacks the problem of book making as seriously as the private presses have done, the results will be more important.

There will always be fine books, special books, made for their quality alone. Real private presses, producing things for the joy of the work, and not caring whether a single copy is sold, will continue to exist. But the exigencies of a practical age demand that every publishing enterprise, no matter what kind of books it produces, must consider the remunerative possibilities of its efforts. So the modern private

press widens its scope, increases the quantity of its editions, obtains a business manager and perhaps a traveling salesman, sends out publicity and, in fact, becomes a complete publishing enterprise. When this happens, the general publisher recognizes a new competitor, and competition is the keenest spur to good or evil. The general publisher finds he must give additional attention to the design of some of his books, since the work of the fine editions publisher commands more respect and a more faithful following. The former, however, has the advantage. His effort need not be cluttered up with the confusion of limited editions. He has fresh contemporary literature to work with and need not resort to the cliché of the reprinting enterprises. Through the combination of the best of the writing of today with modern book design, he has the chance of advancing a movement which sprang from the private presses.

Fine Books and the Business of Publishing

13

LIKE the circles that spread when a stone is dropped into a pool, a movement may spread ever wider and wider, finally losing itself in its own accomplishment. William Morris's private press movement was our first ripple for fine books and out of it succeeding circles have expanded. In England there are such enterprises as the Nonesuch Press, the Golden Cockerel Press, the Fleuron Limited, and the Cressett Press. In America there was the Riverside Press, when Bruce Rogers was in charge of its production, and now the Merrymount Press, the Pynson Printers, Random House, William Edwin Rudge, and a host of others. A later circle is the interest general publishers have been taking lately in the style of the production of their own books. But they, more than many others, have a difficult problem to face. The private press may be the hobby of an eccentric rich man who is able to follow it without the least desire or necessity to sell books. The special editions publishers have reached a solution of their problem simply by adding the additional cost of exceptionally fine printing to the price of their books. But the general publishers, whose task is to present literature of today in as large quantities as may be demanded, are hemmed in by both precedent and competition. They dare not make the price of their books too high, and every penny that goes into the manufacture must be carefully watched. There can be no doubt that price is an

important consideration in the design of books for a general publisher.

In 1923 the American Institute of Graphic arts announced as one of its purposes the intention of helping the general publishers toward the improvement of their product. They hoped to stimulate the publishers' interest, as well as that of the public, by giving an exhibition of Fifty Books each year, chosen for the excellence of their design. A special feature was that the books of general publishers would be shown along with those of the private presses whose only purpose is to produce fine editions. Without denying the influence of the Fifty Books exhibitions, the extensive effect of which I would not want to slight in the least, I should like to suggest that the idea of displaying books in which the cost of manufacture has been a considerable factor along with those in which it has been comparatively negligible places the former at a disadvantage. The Institute has thought that this would help to inspire the publisher to better printing and design in his books, but it has really set him to attempt to emulate the fine edition—to take over its physical features superficially in the face of his debt to economy. Some fair typography in publishers' books has resulted, but let it be understood that typography alone is not book design.

The solution of the publisher's book making problem does not lie in imitating private presses or precious edition publishers. His effort must be to discover the true limitations he must face and acknowledge the vast possibilities he may command. Say his job is to produce, out of the materials available from various trade manufacturers and through the use of ordinary printer's machinery, a book handsome enough on the shop shelf to induce the prospective purchaser to spend his money, pleasant to read and to handle while being read, and attractive enough to adorn a table or bookshelf when it reaches the library. Matters of durability are not important in all current books. But the publisher's problem is not entirely solved when an additional fifty cents is added to the price because the book looks something like it should. "The

CHAPTER SEVEN

HERR François Bloch, Dorval's attendant, rose out of his chair in the vestibule of the hotel. He was no older than Dr. Erlanger, but by contrast delicately built and almost fair. Only their eyes were surprisingly alike, close-lying, shrewd and friendly and sad all at once. These eyes met as they were introduced; and in their gaze spoke thousands of years of identical destiny.

Achille Dorval said: "I think, Herr Carmer, we shall not need our young friends any more this evening. Go and have a good rest."

Both young men bowed. "Good-night, *Meister*," said Dr. Erlanger, and Carmer gave him his hand.

"Good-night, *maître*," said François Bloch to Dorval. The word sounded a little different in French, but not more so than the speech of peasants in one mountain valley does from the speech of peas-

ultimate goal is not more expensive material, but better craftsmanship and taste in working with the material we have—not more expensive books, but better ones within the price range of books that are, generally, poorly conceived and casually executed." Given the skilful application of good and economic principles, good printing should be no more expensive than bad printing.

The element that is generally lacking in publishers' books of today is design, and I cannot allow that this is entirely the fault of the typographers who are working for publishers. A book designer should have a thorough knowledge of the mechanics of printing and all the materials used and the processes involved in manufacture. Finally he must have good taste and imagination and a sense of unity. If he has these qualities he can produce presentable books but if he has, in addition, a certain feeling for literature and the ability to express his intelligence graphically, he may produce artistic books, no matter what limitations of expense he must face. There are obviously few such men at work in publishers' offices or book factories today, and it is regrettable that in the rare cases where the designer has the required ability, he does not always have the opportunity of using it effectively.

A man who can competently handle the details of book manufacturing is not necessarily capable of even approximating a decent book design. One who is an accomplished designer may, on the other hand, be unsuited for the vigorous detail work of manufacture. Yet in most publishers' offices the manufacturing man, possibly for want of a better, is also the book designer. When it is realized that book design is simply the graceful assembling of all the physical details of a book into an attractive whole, there may be a better understanding of what is needed to improve publishers' books. When the necessity of placing the

---

Page from The Persians are Coming, *by Bruno Frank, designed by* Werner Helmer, *published by* Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., *New York, 1929.*

responsibility for design in the hands of one capable man is recognized, publishers' books will undoubtedly begin to show improvement.

Let us suppose one man handled every detail of a certain book's manufacture. He determined the size of type to be used and the way to set it. He selected the binding material, chose the matter to be stamped upon the backbone, arranged all typography, the title page, the text page, and chapter heads. He selected the paper. Finally he planned the jacket. It is likely he would produce at least a unified piece of work, the quality of which would depend upon his understanding of his problem and his ability. But if the book were only a little better than it is now, if it were in the smallest degree an expression of dignified book making, the effort would be worth while. And this is the only way good book design may be attained. It is unfortunate that, in emulating the private presses, publishers have failed to take over the single factor that could be valuable to them—that of delegating the design to one man.

It has always been a great question, in publishers' work, just where the book designer enters into the production. A place for him has been sought in the publisher's office, though he is often found at work at the printing plant. When modern American publishers first began giving attention to design in books there were very few printers who offered the services of a man capable of attending to this feature, so the directions for the making of books came from the publishers. But it may not be ideal for the designer to be in a publisher's office. Unless it is desirable that all his books have characteristics that are common, the publisher is not always able to afford to pay a good designer the remuneration he deserves. The problem seems to resolve itself into one for the book printer. The Merrymount Press is a fine example of the

---

Title page designed in the office of the publisher. (*In the original the decoration is in blue.*)

CLAUDIA

A Novel by

Arnold Zweig

Translated by Eric Sutton

MCMXXX

THE VIKING PRESS · NEW YORK

fact that this arrangement is practical. The half dozen young men who did typographic work in New York publishers' offices in the past few years have by now, in almost every case, moved on to take places with book manufacturers.

But the designer must be effective from manuscript to book. If his work is to be worth its salt, he must have full charge of production from the moment the manuscript is finally approved for printing. No private press, no special edition maker has ever produced a distinguished book that was not designed throughout by one man. How can a publisher, beset with the cares of his elaborately organized enterprise, hope to attain fine books otherwise? And the designer cannot be spared. For, let it be known, a decent and orderly job of printing has never been done accidentally. There are too many details and chances to fail. Pick up any book, pamphlet, leaflet, or broadside, from the printing of Gutenberg to that of the present day, and if it has any beauty, any suitability to its purpose, any marks of attractiveness—in short, if it has design—you may be sure some artist has participated in its production.

Page from Doctor Donne & Gargantua *by Sacheverell Sitwell; printed by* W. Lewis, M.A., *at the* University Press, Cambridge, *and published by* Duckworth, *London, 1920. This is a seven shilling and six pence book.*

DR DONNE AND GARGANTUA

CANTO THE FIRST[1]

Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root.
JOHN DONNE

Shall arrow-root and Benger's food
Furnish us fancies for our mood?
The mandrake, and the witches' sabbath
May yield more fruitful aftermath.
Gargantua and Doctor Donne
Swallowed their pills like other folk,
They laid a wager, neither won,
Yet neither underwent the yoke.
Gargantua said he would contrive
To get a mandrake root with child;
Doctor Donne had said he'd strive
To snare a meteor, wet and wild.
And so they set out from the Alps
Which showed more white than old men's scalps;
They shivered to their knees in snow,
And waited for the sign to blow.
Their view embraced all seas and lands,
The devil tempted them to leap,
If they relied on wings, not hands,
No longer should they stray like sheep;
They should go forth as eagles, keen
To blind the sunlight with swift sheen;
Like lions they should walk abroad
Till silence trembled when they roared.

Page from Letters to Women, *by Joseph Auslander, arranged in the office of the publisher, woodcuts by* Clare Leighton, *and published by* Harper & Brothers, *New York, 1929.*

246

Letter to *Sappho*

It is the evening, Sappho. In the evening
The bats weave soft black circles and their wings
Splash delicate ink upon the pale blue air.
It is the evening, Sappho. In the evening
Before the thunder you can smell the rain
Like powder, you can hear the moths and chafers
Thudding at screens and windows, whispering
Along the walls, lashing against the lamps.
It is the evening, Sappho. In the evening
The silver business of the spider fills
The fields: for in that heavy interim,
When lightning blooms upon a livid stem,
The spider, drawing beauty from his bowels,
Dresses the earth in nets of pearl and cloth
Of silver. . . . Strange, how many yards of silk
The spider wastes to catch one fly. And yet
How worth the cost. There is a wisdom, Sappho,

Title page arranged at the press of the publisher. (*In the original the vignette and border are in green.*)

DARK SUMMER

POEMS

By

LOUISE BOGAN

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1929

Title page designed by Frederic Warde, *and printed by the publisher.*

250

MUSIC
AND
THE CULTIVATED MAN

AN ESSAY

BY

LAWRENCE GILMAN

MUSIC CRITIC OF "THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE;" AUTHOR OF "THE MUSIC OF TOMORROW," "ASPECTS OF MODERN OPERA," "DEBUSSY'S 'PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE': A STUDY," "NATURE IN MUSIC," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK

WILLIAM EDWIN RUDGE

1929

Page from Latterday Symphony, *by Romer Wilson, designed by* Francis Meynell, *and published by the* Nonesuch Press, *London, 1927. This is a six shilling novel.*

CHAPTER I

Mr. Stephen Russell came to the party alone. He stood listening outside the bright green front door, with his hands in his trousers pockets and his opera hat tilted over his right eyebrow. Music softly syncopated out of the open windows above his head. It was a beautiful night, it was blue, it was June, a Chelsea night with an upflowing tide rustling along the Embankment.

"Eheu!" Mr. Russell sighed, he sighed in Latin, the last remnant of a lingering education. The front door opened, and small, nervous, strong, he stepped into a flood of light. He drew his fine hands out of his pockets and took off his hat. A bath, a shave recently performed, clean linen, and a brand new dress suit made him feel fresh and self-conscious. He liked to feel self-conscious. Splendid! He had life and himself at his finger-ends, the whole thing was at his command. Syncopating music from above bucked softly at his heart. The

Title page designed in the office of the publisher. (*In the original the vignette, drawn by* W. A. Dwiggins, *is in Indian red.*)

254

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

TRAVELLING STANDING STILL

POEMS

1918 *1928*

NEW YORK · ALFRED · A · KNOPF · 1928

Title page designed for the publisher by Robert S. Josephy.

THE LIFE AND ART OF DWIGHT WILLIAM TRYON

BY

HENRY C. WHITE

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1930

Title page designed for the publisher by Werner Helmer.

LILLIAN
LITTLEHALES

Pablo CASALS

NEW YORK
W·W·NORTON & CO.
INCORPORATED

Title page designed for the publisher by Robert S. Josephy.

Fulton Oursler

A CRITICAL ESTIMATE

RICHARD LeGALLIENNE

EDWARD B. HALL

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

UPTON SINCLAIR

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

NEW YORK

COVICI, FRIEDE, *PUBLISHERS*

386 FOURTH AVENUE

Title page designed by Samuel Aiwaz Jacobs, *whose most amusing typographic work has been done in printing the books of* E. E. Cummings.

by

E. E. Cummings

New York
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1925

Page from Monhegan, *by Ida Sedgwick Proper, designed by* Fred Anthoensen, *and printed and distributed by* The Southworth Press, *Portland, 1930.*

Title pages opening (266-267) designed for the publisher by W. A. Dwiggins.

264

INTRODUCTION

MONHEGAN has always welcomed fishermen to her harbor. Her location and favorable natural advantages have been of great value to that vocation. She has seen all types of fishing craft, from the frail canoes of the Indians, the ox-hide of the Norse and Irish, to the gayly-colored sails of the Portuguese, Basque and Bretons. Sailing vessels of all types, climes and nations have dropped their anchors in her harbor to stop for a catch of cod, haddock, mackerel and lobsters. Most of the pioneers of New England came to gain prosperity and a living from fishing, while fish, from Monhegan, furnished food to several of their starving settlements. The Island's history begins with fishing, today fishing is the main source of income of her residents.

Fishing has always been an honorable vocation. All the Apostles of Christ were fishermen, and ever since fishermen have been found trustworthy, ingen-

THE AMERICAN SECRETARIES OF STATE AND THEIR DIPLOMACY

SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS

EDITOR

J. FRANKLIN JAMESON

H. BARRETT LEARNED

JAMES BROWN SCOTT

ADVISORY BOARD

ALFRED A. KNOPF NEW YORK

VOLUME I

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

BY JAMES BROWN SCOTT

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON

BY MILLEDGE L. BONHAM JR.

JOHN JAY

BY SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS

1927

Page from Three and the Moon, *by Jacques Dorey, illustrated by* Boris Artzybasheff, *arranged in the office of the publisher and published by* Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., *New York, 1930.*

I

How Geoffrey was knighted at King Arthur's Feast

There was laughter, shouting, songs, and great merriment at Cardueil in Wales for it was the time of Pentecost and King Arthur held his court for the solemn feast of the Round Table.

In the meadows, facing the castle which was too narrow to contain so great a crowd, pavilions and tents of all colours clustered. Arthur's men, vassals, knights, squires, youths, kings from all lands, and barons from all countries, jostled and elbowed one another.

Minstrels, moving from place to place foretold marvels and spun tales of high prowess to the knights; and jugglers, to the great delight of the people, imitated the singing of birds, pierced paper hoops at a single leap and made apples dance on the points of knives.

"Let us sing, dance and be gay, let us drink, O joyful comrades!

Typography and the Elements of Book Design

14

"The fine printer," as Stanley Morison has so aptly said, "begins where the careful printer leaves off." For no matter how finished a piece of work may be, if it lacks that essential of all artistic things, design, the result is certainly disappointing. Design does not consist of any single phase or feature in a printed book but is felt as a result of an intelligent bringing together of all the elements that contribute to book making. Compare the work of the master with that of the amateur in any art; what is lacking in the latter is design.

Though William Morris's interpretation of book design now appears to us to be quite elementary, it was the first step toward a new understanding of the art. Morris was, in fact, primarily interested in typography. The selection and arrangement of type was his chief concern. It was necessary that he have ink good enough to print his types in the cleanest way, and it was also essential that he have a fine paper upon which to print them, but beyond these details, little was thought of. Morris's books were all of two sizes; only two type faces were used; the binding of most of the copies was nondescript. His *Essay on Printing* is merely a rudimentary exposition of typography. He must have devoted more thought to typography than to book planning.

T. J. Cobden-Sanderson took the matter one step further by declaring his purpose to design a whole book, a book as a means of expression. His approach to fine books was through binding. Morris's was

through decoration. Morris could not reach beyond the point of making his books elaborate, his pages exquisite; but Cobden-Sanderson could, and did, with the help of Emery Walker (who copied Jenson's roman for the famous Doves type). But though Cobden-Sanderson believed that "the whole duty of typography is to communicate to the imagination, without loss by the way, the thought or image intended to be conveyed by the Author," the books of the Doves Press nevertheless remained monuments to typography rather than to literature. No decoration is used in their pages, yet they are elaborations of literature themselves. D. B. Updike was probably the first idealist in printing to be capable of realizing his ideals, for he advanced the interpretation of the Doves Press another step by making books actually suitable to the purpose for which they are intended. And Bruce Rogers sought, in the books he made for the Riverside Press, literary material that would lend itself somehow to typographic expression. Rogers and Updike brought a realistic interpretation to fine book design. It was based on a feeling for the practical as well as the aesthetic considerations involved. All the great private presses were able and willing to say a book should be so and so to be excellent, readable, artistic; but when it came to the point of production they were inclined too much toward pretentiousness. Updike and Rogers made modest books. They were really readable and charming; and as we look at them today we recognize them as achievements in design. Francis Meynell has taken the movement one step further by giving more consideration to the economy of cost of production than perhaps had formerly been thought necessary. And this led to the inevitable entrance into the field of general publishing, where economy in costs of materials and manufacturing processes is perhaps of greatest consideration.

Let us examine the elements of design that enter into the publisher's book making problems. We must acknowledge at the outset that his possibilities are many. His limitations consist in keeping away from

handset types, handmade paper, hand binding and such precious features which are entirely superfluous in his work. On the other hand, he has all the developments toward good printing through machinery awaiting his order. In this he is more fortunate than the private press printers; for all fine printing — all printing indeed — will eventually be done by machinery. Printing machinery has been developed to a point where all that is necessary to the making of a fine book is its competent direction, and the publisher must look to machines for beauty in his work. The typesetting machines are constantly bringing out new and better type faces for him to use, and improving the flexibility of their composition. But it is essential that if beauty is to be obtained through their use it must come from an understanding of their individual capacities. They cannot be used in producing imitation hand composition. They must earn respect in their own right.

Readability is of course the much lauded purpose of type arrangement. It has to do with the kind of type which is selected and the way it is composed. It would be absurd and unnecessary to list here the names of available faces or to say that such a face is readable and such another is not. There are few enough fine type faces, but the important thing is that there be a compatible relation of type size to the width to which it is set, its leading, and page depth. Not until these points have had an adaquate amount of consideration will the type page be balanced and attractive. But it is as easy to make a slovenly page with a good type face, as it is hard to make a presentable page with an indifferent type.

Compare these simple considerations with what usually happens in publishers' books, and we can perceive at once the boundless opportunity for improvement. Type faces are too often selected to suit a standard size of page and book. If the text is short a large type is used, heavily leaded; if it is long, a small type is used, closely spaced and set solid. There is the excuse that the book must be of a standard size and

thickness in order to sell. But experiments prove that this idea is out of date. The general reading public, those who actually pay money for books, have often enough shown a preference for books that are nicely designed.

After the book is decently set, attention must be given to the process of printing. Here is where most books of contemporary publishers fail, and the responsibility for it rests entirely with the book manufacturers. The publishers must demand a better quality of work, and they are in a position to do so. It is essential that the pages be cleanly printed in a rich black ink, and there is little excuse for faulty presswork. Bulking paper is, however, the greatest handicap the printer can face. It is impossible to produce good presswork when it is used, and D. B. Updike has demonstrated the fact that there are enough good qualities of machine made book papers to make the use of bulking paper entirely unnecessary. Nowhere in the world are fine machine made papers to be had at such reasonable prices as in America today.

Beauty in "trade" books is notoriously still a matter of controversy. There are those who say that the inexpensive book should be made cheaply, as well as those who consider that "anything worth printing is worth printing well." But while it is acknowledged that not every book a publisher sells is a permanent addition to the world's literature or worthy of attractive design, there is a happy medium somewhere between the thought of "the use of printing for the purpose of producing a maximum profit" and its use as a superficial adornment of even more superficial writing. I believe that it is desirable to supplement the art of literature pleasantly by the graphic arts of decoration and book design. And I further believe that design enters as a factor in the sale of some books. Given a certain literary content, a good-looking book will be bought more readily than an ordinary one. The jacket is the first thing the prospective reader sees. It should be as exciting to his curiosity as the contents of the book will allow. The binding may come to

his notice next, and it must sustain the attraction. Then the title page and text pages may be glanced at, and they should bear out the first promise. As a whole the book must have a pleasant "feel," weight, combination of proportions.

Now to return and consider some of the possibilities of attractive design in books. First, in typography. Nothing can give one the essential knowledge of readability of type but a complete study of type faces. It is even impossible for me to say here which types are readable and which are not. Some are easy to read when set a certain way, and quite tiring to the eye when set another. But there is the matter of type size, and I can make some definite statement about that. It seems to me that most faces under ten point, unless exceptionally set, are quite difficult to read; and in books of standard size a type larger than fourteen point seems just as objectionable. There is also another generality to make about type arrangement. In most trade books a type much too large for the set width is used. A good typographer can make an attractive arrangement of a large type on a small or narrow page, but this is the exception rather than the rule.

There is the matter of adjusting the size of type to the size of page, then of setting the lines to the right width and page to the right depth, and of having definitely related margins. Simplicity is the keynote here, and there are certain relations to work out, certain proportions that the designer of good taste will be able to establish. There are rules of typesetting and page arrangement that have been passed on to the book maker, rules which he presumes he must follow. But if the designer has imagination he can toss most of these to the winds and experiment with possible innovations.

To design a distinctive title page or text page, for a printed book, requires all the feeling and sense of fitness needed to produce a good work in any art. Typography is an elusive and mysterious art, like painting and music. I cannot give directions for producing a nice

looking page. I can only say that it must be in keeping with the literary content of the book. It is possible to reflect the literary quality of the book in terms of its physical appearance, and this should be the designer's objective.

The binding of the book should be simple—but it may also be colorful and exciting. There are many good binding cloths, and I believe that the textures which display the natural effect of the cloth are much better than those with faked and embossed patterns. Some time before book jackets were thought of, someone decided to stamp the name of the book elaborately on the cover. There may have been some need of it at that time, but with the growth of good taste this practice has dwindled and it may be hoped that we will see the last of this abomination soon.

There is a possibility of variety in books. With the many titles a publisher announces each year—all kinds of books—variety in the appearance of different ones should be the first thought of the designer. How far this is from being the rule may be seen at any book store, where most books are similar in size and thickness, with jackets their only distinguishing feature. There is at present a standard size for all fiction books, another for ordinary non-fiction, another for biography, and so on; and the appearance of stock in a book store is anything but varied. Yet through variety in size, thickness, and color, wider possibilities of publishers' editions may be opened. Book sizes, for instance, are now determined by ordinary stock paper sizes. There are plenty of variations that might be obtained in these but they are rarely tried. Then, of course, the publisher often orders paper for an edition in so large a quantity that he may demand any size he may prefer, and here is another opportunity that is usually overlooked. Novels, for instance, might be any size from three and three-quarters or four by six inches, to six by nine or ten, or more, rather than remain always within a fraction of an inch of five by seven inches. Nor can I see any reason why

biographical books should always be near five by eight and a half inches. Proportion must be considered, too. To be an inch thick, which is what all books seem to be striving for, a book in good proportion should be at least six and a half inches wide and nine inches high—it could even be two inches larger either way or both. A book five by seven inches should rarely be more than three-quarters of an inch thick, including the binding boards. But I do not presume to lay down rules. There is the matter of personal preference to be considered here, and I must admit that these dogmas have been proven fallible by too many happy exceptions. These relations, however, are rarely taken into account by the average publisher, though variety in size alone offers one of the most interesting possibilities for attractiveness in trade books.

I know there are certain practical necessities to be faced in the design of trade books. I suggest that these be used as the basis of design. The fitting of the manuscript into a book form may be a great factor toward charm in its appearance instead of an obstacle to be set aside with makeshift. There is an ideal size for any book, a size and proportion which the sensitive designer will feel after he has properly considered the manuscript. This is the size the book should be. The arrangement of type will be in harmony with it, and the whole may become effective. It is of utmost importance that the designer himself be aware of what may be done to make trade books more lively and colorful and that he be permitted a free rein to carry out his plans.

A Note on the Work of the Laboratory Press

15

On the first day of February, 1922, Porter Garnett, long associated with fine printing on the Pacific Coast, came to Pittsburgh to establish a new school of printing at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. At first he became an associate professor of graphic arts, being attached to the College of Industries and the College of Fine Arts, but later, in May the same year, Dr. Hamerschlag, then president of the College, created a Department of Fine Printing, entirely in Mr. Garnett's charge. Later still, type was acquired, and a press set up, and since its establishment this private press, named the Laboratory Press, has issued more than a hundred specimens of printing work by students. The *projets* are assigned and the students, after training in the practice of the art, are allowed to compose and print the specimens.

It is evident, from these specimens, that the best of typographic equipment has been provided and that the students have a respectable understanding of the history of printing art and printing style before they undertake the actual work of printing. The school has had some criticism from some of the old guard who maintain that printers should be printers, and not artists. And I will not say that the work is not entirely beyond criticism. But I think the only valid criticism that may be brought out is of the printing style. There is at least a slight tendency toward overdecoration, superficiality, and perhaps to preciousness. But these faults,

and in a much greater degree, are common to all schools of art. As a matter of fact the work of these students is remarkably free from the stamp of the master, usually so striking in art school work. Obviously these young men have individuality, and are being led to express it.

I know little enough about printing educational work to say that this is the only school in this country that actually treats printing as an art. It seems to me that the work is highly commendable, and that whether or not the students turn to printing after they leave college, the seed will be well sown. Here are many more men, gaining a real, instead of a haphazard, understanding of fine printing from study and practice, and no matter how they use their knowledge it will serve to strengthen the movement for fine printing.

Title page from pamphlet designed and printed by six of the students of the Laboratory Press. (*In the original the word* Fools *is in red.*)

A PRAYER FOR FOOLS

Particularly those we see in
ART GALLERIES
DRAWING-ROOMS
AND THEATRES

By GIOVANNI PAPINI

PITTSBURGH
THE LABORATORY PRESS
1929

Title page designed by Charles W. Pitkin, *from a pamphlet printed by two other students of the* Laboratory Press.

Page opening (*282-283*) *designed and composed by* Joseph Arnold Foster, *and printed by two other students of the* Laboratory Press. (*In the original the initial is in red.*)

Page opening (*284-285*) *designed by* Frank E. Powers, *and printed by* F. E. P. *and another student of the* Laboratory Press. (*Reduced.*)

THE IDEAL BOOK

by Paul Valéry

*

Translated by

Theodore W. Koch

*

PITTSBURGH

THE LABORATORY PRESS

1930

Here followeth the lyf of Saynt Johan Portlatyne.

WHan saynt Johan the appostle & euāgelyste prechyd ī a cite of grece nāed ephesym, he was takē of the Juge, who commanded hym that he sholde make sacrefyse to the fals ydolls, & whan he wolde not do hit he put hym in prysoy. And after, he sente a lettre to domycyen the emperour, whyche sayde that he helde an enchauntour in prysoy whyche had despysed theyr gods & worshyped hym that was crucefyd. ¶ Thenne commaunded domycyen that he sholde be brought to Rome, & whan he was there they did doo shaue of alle the heerys of hys heed in derysion, & after, they brought hym to fore the yate called porte latyn and put hym in a tonne full of brennyng oyle. But he neuer felte harme ne payne, & wythout suffryng ony harm he yssued out. In that place crysteyn men dyd do make a fayr chyrche, and this day made a solempne feste as it were the day of his martirdom. ¶ And whan the emperour saw that he cessed not of prechyng for the cōmaundment that he hadde made, he sent hym in exyle in to an yle named pathmos. ¶ It ought not to be beleued that themperor dyd these persecusyons ūto cristeyn peple bycause they beleuyed in god, for they refused none, but it was a dysplesure to them that they worshypped god wythout

auctorite of the senators. Another reason there was, & that was that the seruice of their other goddes was lassed & mynysshed therby. The thyrde reasoun was that he preched to dysprise the worshyp, the honoure, & the hauoir of the world, & that was the thyng principal that the Romayns loued, but Jhesu cryste wouldē no thynge, by cause they helde that it was doon by puyssaunce humayn. ¶ Another cause there was, as mayster Johan beleth sayeth, why that the emperour & the senate pursewed crist & his appostles, & that was that them semed that god was ouer prowde & enuyous, by cause he daygned not to haue a felowe. Another cause aledgeth orosyus & sayth, that the senate had despyte of this, that pylate had wryten the myracles of Jhesu criste to the Emperour onely, and not to the senatours, wherfore they wold not accorde that he sholde be amytted to be worshypped emonge the goddes, wherefore Tybere themperour dyd do slee some of the senatours & somme he sent in exyle. The moder of saynt Johan herynge that her sonne was a prysonner, meuyed with moderly compassyon, came to Rome, and whan she came she found that he was sente in exyle. She wente thenne in to the champeyn to a cyte named Borulana, & there deyed & yelded her sowle to cryst. Whose body was buryed in a caue where it long rested, but after by saynt James hyr other sone hit was shewed, whiche thenne was taken up and founde sweete smellyng, & many myracles shewed in hyr translacion in the sayd cyte. ¶ Thenne let us praye to saynt Johan that he praye for us.

T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON

By William Rothenstein

FTER a visit to Cobden-Sanderson I usually had the sense of a cushion of air between my feet and the ground. Intercourse with a few rare spirits has brought a similarly inspiring experience; and though only fleeting forms are given to a speaker's play of wit and wisdom, they can convey something of the convincing and exalting power which belongs to material creations. ¶ Craftsmen are by nature idealists; but their vision is sometimes dimmed by a doctrinaire tendency & confused by a misapprehension of what constitutes tradition. The writer has learned much from the scrupulous order and scholarly methods of craftsmen, but he has been sometimes aware of a hesitation in saying 'Yes' to certain robuster impulses of life, a reluctance to respond to Mistress Truth's appeal for reasonably fashionable garments in which to clothe herself. ¶ Cobden-Sanderson knew that the greatest of all traditions is the impulse to do honest work, an impulse the artist must obey, no matter where it leads him. He knew that mere likeness to a tradition of good workmanship or subject matter does not imply true relationship. Further, he did not mistake Puritanism of outlook for austerity of style. I think the peculiar interest of Cobden-Sanderson's conversation came from this: that he held, certainly in his later years, the aim of the practice of an art to lie in the steady education of the individual human spirit. Herein lay, for him, the importance of the pursuit of beauty. Each new triumph of his own lovely work was another milestone in his pilgrimage through life. Good craftsmanship is necessary because it brings to him who passionately desires it the ripe and sound fruits of

wisdom and understanding, respect and tolerance. He believed the influence of works of art upon other people to be of less moment than the spiritual experience which gave them birth. So he devoted his ripe age to threshing the knowledge he had garnered throughout a long life of noble practice. Those who had not the privilege of listening to his talk may find its essence in his last work, *Cosmic Vision*. In this book one of his most delightful qualities is apparent—his generous response to all that seemed to him gallant, humane, and vital in life and in art. He understood clearly that each generation must express its vision in its own way, and that this way is likely to shock, for a time, previous judgments. His culture was too broad to permit of his misreading the past, or of his saying aught but God-speed to the present and future. His own pursuit of beauty had led him to certain conclusions, and he desired to adjust his faith and his conclusions to the values he believed to be permanent, before he looked from the windows for the last time on the river he loved. ¶ These conclusions, this faith, Cobden-Sanderson expressed up to the end with singular power. Fastidious in taste, a little precious in manner, with something of the dandy and much of the man of the world in his social bearing and outlook, he was possessed by a dæmonic spirit of faith in the power of human idealism. Yet, like most men who dwell apart from their fellows, he seemed to know more of the ways of the great world than those who live in it. He had a mordant wit, a keen judgment of men and manners. Those with whom he fell out he was inclined to judge unreasonably. But his firm belief in the opportunity which lies before every man to attain spiritual equilibrium as the end and object of his life, will be remembered by his friends as the dominant characteristic of one of the most significant and attractive figures of our time.

Reprinted from The Fleuron, A Journal of Typography, № 1, (*London*, 1923), *with the permission of the editor*, Mr Oliver Simon, *and of* Professor Rothenstein. (*The initial is an adaptation of a design by* Cobden-Sanderson.)

Fine Books and the Process of Book Binding

16

Of all the revivals of book making arts the one that has had the least attention and respect is that of book binding. Perhaps it may be because William Morris was only casually interested in bindings. He was content to have his ideal books bound in paper covered boards, though he did pass some on to T. J. Cobden-Sanderson who bound them in a style worthy of their elegance. But to glance over the books of today, as they come from publishers, whether general or special, is to realize that the art of book binding is practically dead. There are good book binders of course; I can think of one or two I have heard of in England, and perhaps as many in the United States, but the majority of binding work is garish, over-decorated, or under-constructed.

To make this chapter clear I must begin by defining the difference between book binding, which was maintained until the eighteenth century, and book casing, which has replaced it. The first has always been essentially a hand process. The signatures of the book are sewed onto tapes or cords. These are laced into the boards and the book so made bound with leather or cloth or whatever. Book casing is the machine process that has replaced book binding. This method is to sew the signatures of the book together by machine, and make covers or cases separately. When the cases are made and the sheets are sewed, the two are pasted together. It should not be necessary to say that the

latter, if cheap and quick, is far inferior to the former as a means of preserving books.

Book binding, as a definite part of the problem of making fine books, began to pass, I think, at the end of the eighteenth century. The trend was then toward larger quantities of books that could be sold more cheaply. Such a trend could not allow for the use of expensive materials, and paper sides were substituted for even the cheapest leather. Then leather gave way to cloth for the spine of the book, and finally the majority of books appeared in parts or cheap wrappers. Fine hand binding continued but it was used only on pretentious editions or in case the purchaser gave a special order for it. Geoffrey Keynes indicates that William Pickering was the first publisher to turn back to more substantially made books. When he realized that books could be cased in boards covered with cloth for only a trifle more than the cost of paper wrappers, he instituted the practice of cloth bound books at once. No one will gainsay that Pickering's use of cloth on his books was pleasant, but to look at one of his books today is to see the lack of substantiality of the binding. Unless it has had the greatest of care in its long life, it is cracked at the joints and falling apart. This merely suggests that books so cased in cloth are not likely to last a long time unless they are rarely handled.

Pickering did not revive book binding, but used a substitute for it. The books were most attractive to look upon when they were first published, but time must take its toll of things that are not built to withstand its rigors. Our loss of the art of book binding is due to the fact that it has always been considered essentially a craft of the hands only. Possibly at the time when it became necessary to produce cheaper bindings, man's mechanical skill had not developed enough for him to cope with the reality of the situation. When printers' machines were invented, once the possibility of stamping inked letters upon paper was realized, they remained practically the same as they had been at

their introduction for more than three hundred years. Inventive genius was simply too lazy to develop them and when it became desirable to have more economical binding than could be done by hand, the genius was still not ready to take the trouble required for the development. Indeed it has not yet brought about this refinement, and printers, in their docile way (for any craftsmen who would work at a hand press for three hundred years without asking for something better must certainly be docile!) accepted the makeshift. And though this has now passed through a number of improvements it is still an inadequate method of preserving books.

In the face of a thoroughly mechanized world, a realistic and efficient age, I would be the last to suggest a return to extensive hand binding of books. It even seems evident to me that the few really good binders living today will leave fewer men capable of carrying on their work with equal care and elegance of finish. The craft of binding books by hand must, I am afraid, perish eventually at the hands of cheaper and better methods. But the very contemplation of our age, with complicated machines on every hand doing every kind of task, only makes one wonder why there has been no extensive development of book binding machinery. There can really be no excuse for it except that it has not been demanded. But to acknowledge that this is true is to indicate two circumstances (1) that book casing, as it is done today, is adequate for the needs of our books, (2) that bound books are not desirable in any case, no matter how cheaply or finely they may be produced. Now it seems to me that there is plenty of evidence to refute either of these ideas. Our very respect for contemporary literature suggests that our books are worthy of preservation, and binding is an important means to such preservation. Against the second notion I advance the widespread activity of work in special and limited editions of finely printed books, on the one hand, and the extensive collecting of first editions of modern authors, on the other. Either of these considerations would

tend to blast at once the claim that our books need not be substantially constructed.

There has been a time when it was thought that every collector wanted all of his books bound uniformly; all in the same color of leather; all by the same binder, with the same decoration. But nowadays variety is more in order, so that this can no longer be an argument for publishing books in temporary casings. Finally, any collector of first editions will warn you not to rebind unless the first edition copy is excessively rare in good state and at present in sad state, and even then he will tell you to ensconce it in a slip case and leave it alone. In short, every viewpoint indicates the necessity of bound books.

Book binding has always been, I suppose, considered separately from book printing. When Gutenberg finished printing his first book, I imagine, he simply turned the sheets over to a binder, or perhaps he sold them to his customers unbound. For many years it was left to the purchaser to see that his books were bound. In the eighteenth century whole editions were bound uniformly often enough, but the printer usually had little or nothing to do with that part of the work. He delivered the sheets to the bookseller who had them bound, quite likely as he sold them, or perhaps in lots of five or ten. But at that time, too, there were good hand binders, and cheap ones. The vast majority of binding, it must be remembered, was done by the cheaper binders. And by the end of the eighteenth century the rigors of economy had driven hand binding to the wall. The art, in connection with book printing or publishing, was not reinstated until the coming of T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. He was a book binder long before he started the Doves Press, and it was natural that, in finding the beauty of printed books, he was simply broadening his outlook. He formed a conception of the design of the book as a whole, from manuscript through typography to binding, probably for the first time. Morris was not so broad. He was satisfied to decorate his pages and print them perfectly and

leave the rest to others. But the Doves Press books could not make for a widespread development in the art of book binding. In the first place there were few enough craftsmen ready to face the meticulous labor of producing a nice binding, and the imitators of Morris, in the second place, were happy to emulate their master even to the point of neglecting binding.

I think the greatest acknowledgment of the desirability for bound books is the fact that those publishers who make specially nicely printed books have recently been turning to it more and more. The Golden Cockerel Press was the first, I suppose, with the *Troilus and Crysede*, published in 1927, bound by hand by Sangorsky & Sutcliffe, one of the few remaining really competent firms of book binders. The Nonesuch Press had already announced that they considered their edition of *Milton* worthy of a full leather binding, and having published it, cased in paper sides, they arranged with a binder to do all of the copies that were returned by a certain date. Later they published the *De Motu Cordis*, bound in full leather, the *Poems of Beedome*, and *The Plurality of Worlds*, both beautifully bound in vellum, and the *Works of Walton* in full leather. Goudy's early Village Press books were bound by hand, and lately quite a few American special presses have engaged in such work; Edwin Grabhorn, for instance, the Brothers Johnson, John Henry Nash, Richard Ellis, the Georgian Press have all delegated the binding of whole editions to the hands of good binders.

Yet I must reiterate that it is not through hand binding that the art is to be recovered. Hand binding may possess beauty and strength that might never be attained by machines and, for this reason, it will never die out entirely. But in general effect it is already dead and, if we find ourselves able to consider book casing the makeshift that it is, we may look for improvement.

I have been giving this matter no little thought in the past few years and, having bound a few books by hand, in imagination I pictured

certain obvious bases of experiment toward machine binding. But having no opportunity to carry them out, they have remained no more than ideas. It was with particular interest that I noted a sentence in the Nonesuch Prospectus of 1927, suggesting that more attention was to be given to the binding of their books in the future. And I was not at all surprised to learn, when they published the first volume of their *Shakespeare*, that its binding was a combination of hand and machine work, and I was happy to know that it had been developed in the way I had been thinking of. We may be sure that, now the ice is broken, the development must be rapid. The Nonesuch Press will undoubtedly use this form of binding on more and more of its editions and, since its followers are many, others will attempt to do likewise.

At this point the question of binding materials arises. It has been proven that cloth is not a permanent binding material, yet I think that, with stronger basic construction, it may be possible that it will last longer than it has heretofore. And as Francis Meynell says, "second best of all binding material is—buckram (an honest, almost noble, cloth)." Despite the fact that leather has turned out to be not an absolutely permanent binding material, it remains the most substantial and beautiful we have ever known; forgetting wood which is so rarely used. The length of the life of leather depends to some extent upon its preparation and care. Economy will not allow the use of leather for modern book binding in editions by general publishers, though I must say that in recent years many books in special editions have been published at prices so high that they might well have been bound in solid gold-tooled, full-crushed Levant. But if we must resort to cloth let us look to natural textures, ones without embossed patterns and, wherever it is possible, use an honest buckram. Then by printing some of the copies of the first editions of some of our best books on a good rag paper, and really binding them—by machinery—we may hope that those who live a hundred, or two hundred years from now may

find our books worthy of going over to glean what material they care to preserve further. It will be necessary to reprint some of them, but let us hope that a few, at least, will not need to be rebound.

INDEX

Index

With Bibliographical Details of Books Mentioned in Text

Adler, Elmer, 87, 88, 91.
Aldus, Manutius, as publisher, 6; Poliphili, 153; types of, 184.
Alphabet, The, by Frederic W. Goudy, New York, Mitchell Kennerley, 1918, 203.
American Institute of Graphic Arts, 239.
American Typefounders Company, revival of types, 189.
Ars Typographica, Edited by Frederic W. Goudy (3 numbers), published by the Marchbanks Press, New York, 1918-1921, Edited by Douglas C. McMurtrie, and published by the Press, (4 numbers) seven numbers printed, 203.
Art of the Printer, The, London, Ernest Benn, Ltd., 1925, 205.
Ashendene Press, and Emery Walker, 12; work of, 187.

Bacon, Peggy, 162; 164.
Baskerville, John, 10; types of, 185; writing of, 198.
Beujon, Paul, 207.
Bewick, Thomas, 153.
Bliss, Douglas Percy, 152.
Blumenthal, Joseph, 90.
Bodoni (types), 185.
Bookmaker, The (periodical), New York, 1855, 14.
Bradley, Will, mentioned in B. R. letter, 20, 21.
Brentano's, Publishers, 162.
Brief Survey of Printing History and Practice, by Stanley Morison and Holbrook Jackson, London: The Fleuron Limited, 1923, 27, 206.
Brimmer type, 20, 21, 188.
Bulmer, William, 10.
Burne-Jones, 155.
Burns and Oates, 27.

California Printers, 90.

Candide, by Voltaire, published by Random House, 91.
Cambridge University Press, and Rogers, 28, 58; and Morison, 60.
Canfield, Hubert, 88.
Caslon, Henry W., types of, 185; revival of types of, 186.
Centaur type, 188, 190.
Cerf, Bennett, 91.
Chiswick Press, 10, 11.
Cleland, Thomas, 207.
Cobden-Sanderson, T. J., and Doves Press, 11, 12, 187; work of, 270, 271; bookbinding, 286, 289.

Daniel, C. H. O. Rev., 186.
Daniel Press, 186.
Days Work, In the, by Daniel Berkeley Updike, Cambridge, the Harvard University Press, 1924, 202.
De Vinne, Theodore Low, as printer, 14, 15, 17; as author, 200.
Didot (types), 185.
Doubleday, Doran & Co., 229.
Doves Press, and Cobden-Sanderson, 12, 187, 189; books of, 270, 271; bookbinding, 290.
Dwiggins, W. A., work considered, 26; type designer, 192; as author, 207.
Dyke Mill, the, 22.

Elements of Lettering, The, by Frederic W. Goudy, New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1920, 203.
Ellis, Richard W., and book binding, 290.
Elzevirs, The, as publishers, 7.
Essay on Printing by William Morris, 198.
Extracts from an Investigation Into the Physical Aspects of Books, by W. A. Dwiggins, Boston, The Society of Calligraphers, 1918, 207.

Fass, John S., 91.
Fell Types, 186, 187.
Fiene, Ernest, 162, 164.
Fleuron, The, a Journal of Typography edited by Oliver Simon, London, at the office of The Fleuron, 1923 (No. 1) No. 2, 1924, No. 3, 1924, No. 4, 1925; Edited by Stanley Morison, Cambridge, The University Press, New York, Garden City, Doubleday, Page & Co., 1926 (No. 5); ... New York, Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1928, (No. 6), and Morison, 60; beginnings of, 206.
Four Centuries of Fine Printing, by Stanley Morison, London: Ernest Benn, Ltd., 1924, 60, 205.
Fountain Press, the, 92, 231.

Gag, Wanda, 162, 164.
Gaige, Crosby, 92.
Garnett, David, 60.
Garnett, Porter, 277.
Georgian Press, book binding, 290.

Gibbings, Robert, 59, and illustration; 155.
Gill, Eric, 155, type designer; 190.
Golden Cockerel Press, 58, 59, 155; book binding, 290.
Goodhue, Bertram, 187.
Goudy, Bertha, 24.
Goudy, Frederic W., 16, 187, work of, 24; type designs, 190; author 201, 202, 207.
Grabhorn, Edwin, 90, book binding, 290.
Grolier Club, mentioned, 14, 15, 18.
Gropper, William, 162.
Grosz, George, 160, 162.

Harbor Press, the, 90, 91.
Hornby, C. H. St. John, 187.
Horne, Herbert P., 11, 188.
Hubbard, Elbert, as imitator of Morris, 16.

Illustration of books, 152-164.
Imprint, The, 56, 57, the group, 59, 60, 204.

Jackson, Ernest, 56, 204.
Janson, type, 188.
Jackson, Holbrook, 206.
Jenson, Nicholas, types of, 184.
Johnson, the Brothers, 90; book binding, 290.
Johnston, Edward, 56, 204.
Jones, David, 155.
Jones, George W., 190, 191.

Kauffer, E. McKnight, 156.
Kelmscot Press, the, mentioned, 3, 4, 155.
Kennerley, Mitchell, 24.
Kent, Rockwell, 91; as illustrator, 160, 164.
Keynes, Geoffrey, referred to, 9; 287.
Klopfer, Donald, 91.
Knopf, Alfred A., and fine books, 86, 87, 231.

Laboratory Press, note on, 277.
Lanston Monotype Corporation, Limited (England), and Morison, 60; types of, 189, 190, 204.
Lanston Monotype Co. (United States), type designs, 190.
Limited Editions Club, 229.
Linotype & Machinery Co. Limited (England), types of, 190.
Literary Guild of America, 92.

Mall Press, the, 28.
Marchbanks, Hal, 203.
Marchbanks Press, 203.
Mayson, J. H., 56.
Mendel, Vera, 60.
Mergenthaler Linotype Company, 191, 192.
Merrymount Press, work of, 16.
Merrymount type, 187.
Meynell, Francis, work considered, 5, 6, 7; 57, 58; Pelican Press, 5, 59; Nonesuch Press, 60, 61; period

typography, 190; as author, 206; book binding, 271.
Meynell, Gerard, 56; as editor, 204.
Mifflin, George, mentioned in B. R. letter, 18.
Mifflin, Houghton, Co., mentioned in B. R. letter, 18.
Modern Fine Printing, by Stanley Morison, London: Ernest Benn, 1925, 60, 205.
Montague Press, the, 22.
Montaigne type, 188.
Montallegro type, 188.
Morison, Stanley, and *The Imprint*, 56, 57, 58; work of, 60; types, 189, 192; author, 204; editor, 206.
Morris, William, work and methods, 3; influence, 4, 11; Updike and Rogers, 5; mentioned, 6; real accomplishments, 12; type revivalist, 186, 187; Essay on Printing, 198; as propagandist, 199, 200; and limited editions, 233; printing of, 270; book binding, 286.
Mosher, Thomas Bird, 5, as publisher, 15.
Mc Kee, Walter V., 229.

Nash, John, 155.
Nash, John Henry, 90; book binding, 290.
Nash, Paul, 155.
New Clairvaux Press, 22.
Nonesuch Press, 5, 6, 7; and Meynell, 60, 61; use of illustration, 156; period typography, 190; books of, 230; book binding, 290, 291.

Orcutt, William Dana, 207.
Oxford type, discovery of, 20, 21; 188.
Oxford University Press, 186, 187.

Pelican Press, 58, 59, 60.
Pelletan, Edouard, 153.
Pickering, William, influence of, 5, 9, 18, 20, 200; as publisher, 6; 9; mentioned, 10; type revivalist, 186, book binding, 287.
Plain Printing Types, by Theodore Low DeVinne, New York, the Century Co., 1910, 200.
Practice of Typography, The, by Theodore Low DeVinne, 200.
Printing types, 184-193.
Printing Types, Their History, Forms and Use, by Daniel Berkeley Updike, Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1922, 202.
Private Presses, considered, 11, 12, 13; types of, 186, 187.
Putnam's Sons, G. P., 160.
Pynson Printers, the, 87, 88.

Random House, 91; and Rockwell Kent, 160; as publishers, 229.
Ransom, Will, with Goudy, 24.
Review of Recent Typography in England, the United States, France and

Germany, by Stanley Morison, London: The Fleuron Limited, 1927, 207.
Ricketts, Charles, and Emery Walker, 11, 12, 155.
Rimington & Hooper, 229.
Riverside Press, 5; considered, 17, 18, 20; in Rogers letter, 21; types, 187, 188; mentioned, 271.
Rogers, Bruce, 5; 16; work considered, 17, 18; Pickering influence, 18, 20; letter quoted, 18, 20, 21; as typographer, 21; in England, 1916, 28; 58; types, 187, 188, 189; Centaur type, 190; mentioned, 201, 207, 271.
Rollins, Carl Purington, work considered, 8, 22, 187.
Romney Street Press, 57.
Roth, Ernest D., 207.
Russell, Phillips, 162.

Sangorski & Sutcliffe, 290.
Shannon, Charles, 155.
Sherman, Frederic Fairchild, 207.
Silve, David, 88.
Simon, Oliver, 206.
Spiral Press, 90; 162.

Taylor, Harold, 58, 59.
Teague, Walter Dorwin, 88.
Type Designs of the Past and Present, by Stanley Morison, London, The Fleuron Limited, 1926, 207.
Typography, by Francis Meynell, London: The Pelican Press, 1923, 60, 206.

Underwood, Leon, 162.
Updike, Daniel Berkeley, 5; work considered, 16, 17; Pickering influence, 18, 20; type revivalist, 187, 188; author, 201, 202; mentioned, 271.

Vale Press, 12, 155.
Village Press, 24; book binding, 290.

Walker, Emery, and private presses, 11, 12; and Rogers, 28; and Doves Press, 187, 271.
Warren, Charles, 18; mentioned in B. R. letter, 20.
Wells, James R., 92.
White, Ethelbert, 155.
Whittingham, Charles, (Younger), as revivalist, 9; 10; book about, 18, 20; type revival, 186; mentioned, 200.
Wittinghams, The Charles, by Arthur Warren, New York, The Grolier Club, 1896.
Wilson, Edward A., 162.
Winship, George Parker, 207.

Yale University Press, 22, 23.

Index

Of Reproductions: Artists, Typographers, Printers, Publishers

ILLUSTRATORS

Angelo, Valenti, 107, 109, 140-1.
Artzybasheff, Boris, 269.
Bawden, Edward, 67.
Bliss, Douglas Percy, 178-9.
Cimino, Harry, 126-7.
Clark, René, 182-3.
Cotton, W., 123.
Dorn, Marion V., 157.
Dwiggins, W. A., 27, 115, 170-1, 217, 219, 255.
Fiene, Ernest, 168-9.
Gill, Eric, 82-3, 84-5, 176-7.
Gropper, William, 163.
Grosz, George, 166-7.
Harwerth, Willi, 81.
Jones, David, 74, 154.
Kauffer, E. McKnight, 158-9.
Kent, Rockwell, 31, 97, 161, 173, 180-1.
Leighton, Claire, 247.
Ross, Gordon, 135.
Underwood, Leon, 174-5.
Weber, Max, 220-1.
Whistler, Rex, 77.
Wilson, Edwin A., 143.

PRINTERS

Anthoensen, Fred, The Southworth Press, 105, 182-3, 265.
Beilenson, Peter, 129.
Cambridge University Press, 79, 245.
Chiswick Press, 71.
Curwen Press, 63, 65, 67, 158-9.
Georgian Press, 107, 109, 111, 113.
Golden Cockerel Press, 82-3, 84-5, 154, 176-7.
Grabhorn Press, 136-7, 139, 140-1, 143.
Harbor Press, 121, 123, 126-7.
Johnson, the Brothers, 119.
Knickerbocker Press, 161.
Rutherston, Albert, 63.

Laboratory Press, Students of, 279, 281, 282-3, 284-5.
Lakeside Press, 131.
Merrymount Press, 19, 47, 49, 51, 53.
Officina Bodoni, 194-5, 196-7.
Oxford University Press, 69, 77, 157, 178-9.
Polytype Press, 263.
Pynson Printers, the, 89, 97, 99, 101, 103, 115, 170-1, 180-1.
Riverside Press, 39, 41.
Rudge, William Edwin, 23, 25, 27, 43, 44, 45, 54-5, 117, 133, 135, 145-7-9-51, 217, 219, 251.
Spiral Press, 95, 168-9, 220-1, 228-9.
Southworth Press, The, 105, 182-3, 265.
Walpole Printing Office, 125.
Yale University Press, 29, 33, 35.

PUBLISHERS

Brick Row Bookshop, 129.
Brentano's, Publishers, 174-5.
Cambridge University Press, 79.
Carteret Book Club, 89.
Chorobates, Sign of, 31.
Cleverdon, Douglas, 74, 81, 176-7.
Colophon, The, 101, 103.
Covici, Friede, Inc., 133, 173, 261.
Cressett Press, the, 77, 178-9.
Doubleday, Doran & Co., 163.
Duckworth, 245.
Fleuron, Limited, the, 65, 67.
Fountain Press, the, 63, 95, 84-5, 123.
Gaige, Crosby, 23, 27, 51, 99, 219.
Golden Cockerel Press, 82-3, 84-5.
Grabhorn Press, the, 136-7, 139.
Harbor Press, the, 121.
Harcourt, Brace, Inc., 259.
Harper & Brothers, 247.
Houghton Mifflin Co., 257.
Huntington Press, 126-7.
Isham, Lt-Colonel Ralph H., 145-7-9-151.
John Barnard Associates, The, 37.
Johnson, the Brothers, 119.
Knopf, Alfred A., Inc., 240, 255, 266-7, 269.
Limited Editions Club, 143, 182-3.
Newark, N. J., Public Library of, 19.
Nonesuch Press, 71, 157, 158-9, 166-7, 253.
Norton, W. W. Co., 259
Officina Bodoni, 194-5, 196-7.
Oxford University Press, 69.
Payson & Clark, 213, 215.
Putnam's Sons, G. P., 161.
Quarto Club, the, 53.
Random House, 97, 115, 140-1, 170-1, 180-1.
Rudge, William Edwin, Inc., 25, 43, 44, 45, 54-5, 117, 133, 135, 217, 225, 251.
Rimington & Hooper, 107, 109, 131.
Riverside Press, 39, 41.
Scribner's Sons, Charles S., 249.

Spiral Press, 168-9, 220-1.
St. George's School, 47.
Stone, Harry, 5, 125.
Viking Press, 243.

TYPOGRAPHERS

Adler, Elmer, 89, 97, 99, 101, 103, 115, 170-1, 180-1.
Anthoensen, Fred, 105, 182-3, 265.
Beilensom, Peter, 129.
Blumenthal, Joseph, 25, 95, 168-9, 220-1.
Cressett Press, 77, 178-9.
Dwiggins, W. A., 27, 117, 170-1, 217, 219, 255, 266-7.
Ellis, Richard W., 107, 109, 111, 113.
Fass, John S., 121, 123, 126-7.
Foster, Joseph Arnold, 282-3.
Gerstung, Wilhelm, 81.
Golden Cockerel Press, 82-3, 84-5, 154.
Goudy, Frederic W., 25.
Grabhorn, Edwin, 136-7, 139, 140-1, 143.
Helmer, Werner, 240, 259.
Jacobs, Samuel Aiwaz, 173, 263.
Johnson, the Brothers, 119.
Josephy, Robert S., 257, 259, 261.
King's Printers, The, 73.
Kittredge, W. A., 131.
Laboratory Press, Students of, 279, 281, 282-3, 284-5.
Lewis, W., M. A., 245.
Meynell, Francis, 71, 157, 158-9, 166-7, 253.
Morison, Stanley, 79.
Officina Bodoni, 194-5, 196-7.
Powers, Frank E., 284-5.
Pitkin, Charles W., 281.
Rogers, Bruce, 23, 37, 39, 43, 44, 45, 145-7-9-151.
Rollins, Carl Purington, 29, 31, 33, 35.
Simon, Oliver, 63, 65, 67.
Updike, Daniel Berkeley, 19, 47, 49, 51, 53.
Warde, 133, 135, 251.

Z250. J73

a39001 005989150b